OBSCENE BOOKS : By J. B. Priestley

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The Balance Sheet of Geneva

IN casting the balance-sheet of Geneva, it is only too easy to omit the largest factor on the credit side. Four statesmen—two from each side of the Iron Curtain—have co-operated to stave off World War III. Last April, on the eve of the Conference—as Mr. Nehru revealed last week—American warships were moving into action, and it was only the British Cabinet's veto on intervention which saved the world from general war. Since then, tempers in Washington have somewhat cooled. Though Mr. Dulles has refused to sign the Geneva agreement, he at least stood aside while the settlement was negotiated, and Mr. Eisenhower has said that his country, though disliking the agreement, will not seek to overturn it.

This gave to M. Mendès-France and Mr. Eden the chance, in the unfavourable circumstances of Geneva, to test the possibility of genuine negotiations with the Communists—a chance which they failed to take in the favourable circumstances of Berlin. There, they were negotiating from strength; here, from desperate weakness. Yet they were confronted, not with a haughty demand for unconditional surrender, but with terms which, though stiff, are a good deal less severe than those which Ho Chi Minh could have imposed on the defeated French Army and its demoralised native levies. The Viet Minh and the Chinese Communists have shown moderation in their hour of victory. They have renounced their claims on Laos and Cambodia, apart from enclaves for "resisters"; they have conceded a partition line in Viet Nam which leaves to the French the important military Route 9 from the coast to Siam; they have given ample time for the orderly evacuation of Hanoi and Haiphong; and, most important of all, they have permitted the elections to be postponed for two years if necessary, in order to give time for the political reorganisation of the rump State of Annam and Cochin China.

It would be silly to believe that the moderation of Chou En-lai and Ho Chi Minh is prompted by anything but cool self-interest. They have secured, without further costly fighting, the larger and richer half of Viet Nam—thus giving Yunnan and Kwangsi a friendly southern neighbour, with valuable access to the sea at Haiphong. Moreover, they must have realised that if they exploited their military successes too far, they would not only provoke American intervention, but also alienate the Colombo Powers. A magnanimous peace settlement, on the other hand, might well disrupt still further the Atlantic Alliance, and will, at the very least, put the Americans in an indefensible position when the issue of China's admission to the United Nations comes up next September at the Assembly. They had everything, therefore, to gain by removing any sting of humiliation from the Geneva agreements and giving to M. Mendès-France the domestic triumph he has so richly earned.

There are those who say that, since it pays the Communists to be moderate in their demands, this moderation does not prove their desire for peaceful co-existence. To this, we reply that we could wish that non-Communist nations, when they are winning wars, always displayed such practical common sense. After this, it will be difficult to go on asserting that Communists are just like Nazis, and that force is the only language they understand. Of all the Great Powers concerned, only one has refused to apply the principles of peaceful co-existence to the solution of the Indo-Chinese problem. Because they have adopted this attitude, the Americans are the only nation who have suffered an unmitigated defeat at Geneva. Each of the other participants can balance gains against losses. The United States has nothing to set against the loss of the moral leadership of the Western world which Mr. Dulles has inflicted on it.

It is still far too early to forecast how the agreements will work out in practice. Will the Chinese permit Ho Chi Minh to manage his own affairs? Will Laos and Cambodia, when they have been neutralised, retain any effective independence? Will

the military partition line drawn across Viet Nam harden into a political frontier, and stultify free nation-wide elections, as happened in Korea? The answers to all these questions depend on whether the growing mutual confidence displayed by the four main negotiators at Geneva continues to grow once the Conference is over. The settlement is clearly precarious, and could be made unworkable within a few weeks by any one of its signatories, or indeed by the U.S. To stop the fighting was difficult enough: to make peace in a country still in the throes of revolution will be still more difficult. Perhaps most critical of all is the relation of Viet Minh to a Southern Viet Nam within which there is probably a majority of Viet Minh supporters.

A great deal will depend on the policies pursued by Great Britain and France. One of the most important and encouraging features of Geneva was the team-work of Mr. Eden and M. Mendès-France. For the first time since 1940, the Entente Cordiale is something more than a form of words. On the brink of disaster, France at last found a leader who matched the hour. But it is fair to say that unless Mr. Eden, in the first phase of the Conference, had made the initial contacts with M. Molotov and Mr. Chou En-lai, and unless he had loyally supported the French Prime Minister last week in his final tussle with Mr. Dulles, the triumph of M. Mendès-France would have been impossible. What is vital is that this Anglo-French team-work should be maintained in the months ahead when Washington resumes its pressure for a South-East Asian Nato.

Under the imminent menace of thermo-nuclear war, a new pattern of world politics began to emerge at Geneva. The military blocs, which looked so solid a few months ago, were sensibly loosened. China emerged as a Power in her own right: the Soviet Union no longer held the centre of the stage. And simultaneously, America's European Allies were compelled, by sheer survival instinct, to evolve their own independent policies. There are reasons why both the Soviet Union and the United States may dislike these developments; and there are political leaders in both countries who will try to stifle them. But in our view, one of the essential pre-conditions of peaceful co-existence is that satellites should regain their independence on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

Farewell to Mr. Cohn

Despite Senator McCarthy's re-activation this week of the Senate Permanent Investigations Sub-Committee—with himself alone as a quorum—there are a number of signs that the Army's allegations about his log-rolling for Private Schine, and the subsequent inquiry, have been at least partly effective. A growing number of editorial and Congressional voices are now being raised against him. Particularly noteworthy is the decision of the Republican Senator Potter, of Michigan, to vote with the three Democrats on the Committee in favour of the dismissal of Mr. Roy Cohn. This week Mr. Cohn has anticipated his dismissal by resigning. Such are the close relations between McCarthy and Cohn, who is held by many to be McCarthy's evil genius, that this resignation can be counted a real gain for the liberal decencies. So in a sense is Senator Flander's Senate resolution condemning McCarthy's conduct as unworthy of a Senator. Although this resolution is temporarily blocked, it is known to command an encouraging amount of support in both parties. Yet here is the problem. It has not been difficult, at any rate since Ed Murrow's famous television attack on McCarthy, to collect voices against McCarthy's personal conduct; and this is exactly what Senator Flanders is seeking to do. Organising constructive opposition to the social forces which have bred him is another matter. Until liberal elements in the U.S. rally to the extent of doing this, it is only too likely that the anti-McCarthy campaign in Washington and the more reputable press will be regarded by most of his popular following, in Wisconsin and elsewhere, merely as the dubiously motivated persecution of their hero.

Convertibility Not Practical

Last week's conference of Finance Ministers was not expected to lead to any dramatic announcement about the restoration of convertibility either of sterling or of other European currencies into dollars; for all the experts, whatever they may say, know that any real return to free convertibility is still impracticable. Neither Great Britain nor other sterling countries nor the Continental members of E.P.U. can possibly afford either to allow their nationals to import freely whatever dollar goods they please, or to allow them freedom to buy dollar securities without limit, or to export themselves with their property to the dollar area. No doubt convertibility could co-exist with controls over dollar imports; but control over capital movements cannot in practice be made workable without some control over current transactions as well. At present, for non-nationals, *de facto* convertibility largely exists in relation to current transactions; but this is because it does not exist for nationals, who are still inhibited by the import controls, the limits on travel expenditure, and the control of capital movements. It seems clear that the next steps, if there are to be any, should take the form of granting nationals more freedom for travel and, perhaps, greater freedom to buy dollar imports, rather than of entering into commitments, which would be very difficult to reverse, to supply sterling freely at a fixed rate either to nationals or to non-nationals for every kind of current transaction. Sterling is a "strong" currency for the time being; but nobody knows how long it will remain "strong", and everyone knows that, if it were made convertible, the entire brunt of any world crisis would fall upon it. Half the world's trade is done in sterling; and no Continental E.P.U. country is at all likely to adopt convertibility till the sterling authorities lead the way.

NEXT WEEK

England's Captain

Drawing by VICKY.

Hire Purchase—A New Urgency

The removal of the restraints on hire-purchase was overdue. Materials for the hardware industries are now abundant, Defence claims have fallen off and the cycle, radio, and other traders have been justly complaining for twelve months that a large and profitable market was closed to them. But there is little value in the statement by the Board of Trade that the revocation of these restrictions, which since February, 1952, have prescribed minimum deposits and maximum repayment periods, "does not affect the protection afforded to hirers under the Hire Purchase Act, 1938." That Act today protects hardly anyone. It is only since the first "controls bonfire" in 1947 that it has had any scope at all, and the money limits it lays down—a general limit of £100, £50 for motor vehicles, £500 for livestock—were obsolete even then. The Hire Purchase Bill now before Parliament, by raising the general limit to £300 (including second-hand cars) and that for livestock to £1,000, would extend full protection against the "snatch-back" to the great majority of hire-purchase agreements, incidentally putting the less reputable section of the second-hand car market back on to a stern basis of spot cash. Even if the majority of traders now observe the wishes of the Hire Purchase Trade Association and continue to require deposits of at least 10 per cent, a brief hire-purchase boom is obviously to be expected; and the purpose of Ellen Wilkinson's Act of 1938 will to that extent be defeated unless the amending Bill is now hurried through.

Old Age

At eighty, Miss Margery Fry is, as she herself told the International Gerontology Congress on Monday, "a gerontological specimen"—and a remarkably fine one at that. The Congress was discussing the social effects of a 50 per cent. increase in the number of old people during the next two or three decades; and Dr. Sheldon had been pointing out that this would be problem enough if the average duration of incapacity for work remained unchanged, but much more difficult if the duration of incapacity also increased. In other words, he had been stressing the vital importance of lengthening the working life in correspondence with the increasing longevity of the people. Everyone knows how important this is; but the best ways of tackling the matter are by no means yet agreed upon. The need is to enable the old people to stay at work longer for three good reasons—because their product is needed to help maintain them, because they will be a help instead of a burden to others as long as they can help themselves, and because, as long as they can work, most of them will be healthier and happier at work than doing nothing. The answer to the problem, in the main, is not to segregrate the old people in special workplaces, but to give them, with the aid of "whole-man" rehabilitation and retraining services where needed, the best possible chance of carrying on with normal work side by side with younger people. It is the same problem as that of the partially disabled, and requires the same sort of treatment. In addition, the aged who cannot work, or cannot work fully, ought to be much

better maintained and looked after than they are; but the best chance of securing that is to keep down their numbers by encouraging all who can work to stay at it rather than retire—and very likely run to seed.

PARIS

Peace With Honour

Our Paris Correspondent writes: It was, to put it mildly, an emotional week. Not even an ex-diplomat, writing a novel about a world crisis, could have planned the successive events with greater finesse. The week-end before, M. Mendès-France had informed the American Ambassador that the Viet Minh regarded some sort of American guarantee as a *sine qua non* for an armistice. On Tuesday Mr. Dulles arrived, plainly nervous, but nevertheless grimly determined not to cede an inch. He departed the next day, having consumed an elaborate dinner at the Hôtel Matignon and having given way on almost every point. True, he did attempt to strike a crude bargain: would Mendès-France agree, he asked, to push E.D.C. rapidly through the Assembly in return for American approval of an Indo-China settlement? But he soon dropped the argument when Mendès-France tactfully pointed out that such an agreement was not only beyond his powers to promise, but was precisely the species of *marchandage planétair* which he had all along been trying to avoid in his dealings with the Communists. After the failure of this gambit, Mr. Dulles surrendered rapidly and gracefully: Mr. Bedell Smith would go to Geneva and, some time during the week-end, would publicly announce the vague outline of a unilateral American guarantee. M. Mendès-France's realism and firmness—and his greater command of the situation—were the principal cause of Mr. Dulles's abrupt collapse. But also important was the conduct of Mr. Eden, who now cherishes an almost schoolboy admiration for the French Premier, and whose single-minded support of the French position led one grateful Paris paper to caption his photograph with a quotation from La Fontaine: "*Qu'un ami véritable est une douce chose!*"

Having made peace with America, M. Mendès-France hurried back to Geneva. On Monday morning, the first unofficial rumours of agreement began to trickle through to Paris. The possibility of hitches on details still remained. The Vietnamese, on Saturday, had caused a mild sensation by announcing they would resist any settlement based on partition. But Mr. Bedell Smith's speech on Sunday—doubtless inspired by the home truths presented to Mr. Dulles in Paris—made it clear that, other things being equal, such action would receive no open support from America. So far there appears to be little anti-French feeling in Viet Nam itself, and police precautions against rioting in Saigon and Hanoi have proved unnecessary. In any case, the Diem Government is rapidly losing ground; French withdrawals in the Delta have already deprived it of some of its strongest supporters, and many others are openly negotiating with the Viet Minh. It seems likely, in fact, that the Government will shortly resign, to be replaced by one with a stronger electoral base in southern Viet Nam.

In France, not unnaturally, M. Mendès-France is something of a national hero—or at least as near to one as any French politician is likely to become. He has stuck to his deadline, bought peace on reasonable terms, and avoided an open breach with America. Apart from professional jealousy, even M. Bidault could have no complaints on this score. Doubtless many politicians will have serious second thoughts during their summer holidays, but for the moment Mendès-France is in an exceptionally strong position. He can, therefore, be expected to act with speed and assurance on the other—and infinitely more complex—problems which confront him. Several important steps have already been taken. The first series of economic measures are now complete, and will be presented to the Assembly next week. The Government's Tunisian policy is still in process of evolution, but preliminary negotiations with the Néo-Destour have begun, and M. Bourguiba himself has been brought to within an easy two hours' drive of Paris. The problem of E.D.C., of course, remains intact, and the Koenig-Bourgé-Manoury negotiations have now reached a complete deadlock. But the latest Anglo-American proposals seem to provide a glimmer of hope—at least of postponement. In any case, the summer political season is drawing to a close, and it is now reasonably certain that the Government will survive until October.

BONN

Unity Uber Alles

A Correspondent in Germany writes: The Evangelical Church Congress at Leipzig earlier this month was planned mainly as a religious meeting, but it turned out to be a most powerful demonstration of the German desire for unity. Nine members of the Bonn Parliament went to Leipzig for the Congress, including Herr Ehlers (C.D.U.) and six other C.D.U. members. Also present were Professor Juelich and Herr Metzger of the S.P.D. All returned deeply impressed by the intimate atmosphere which quickly developed between Germans from the rival halves of Germany. The general feeling in the West, when delegates returned from the Congress, was one of approval of their participation, though there was a little criticism. Herr Ehlers, it is known, was questioned closely by the Parliamentary group of the C.D.U. and by the end of the meeting had won the approval of a great majority.

But this is not all. All sorts of indications can be found at present that the tide is running towards unification. Dr. Adenauer, for instance, at first opposed the idea of holding the Presidential election in Berlin. Berlin, however, was warmly advocated not only by the S.P.D. and F.D.P., but by a considerable number of Dr. Adenauer's own party. In the end, indeed, a group of C.D.U. members told the Chancellor that they were prepared to vote on this with the Opposition and defeat his Government. The Chancellor then gave way; and, in the event, the choice of Berlin has proved popular throughout West Germany, except perhaps in "Bavaria First" circles. Then, there is everywhere to be found a growing interest in the resumption of diplomatic and economic relations with the U.S.S.R. An interesting recent example of this was a discussion in the Political Forum at Bonn University. The topic chosen was "The Resumption of Diplomatic, Economic and Cultural Relations with the Soviet Union." The two principal speakers were Herr Lemmer, Leader of the C.D.U. in the Berlin Assembly, and Herr Kuehn, a prominent S.P.D. leader in the Rhineland. Both strongly supported closer relations. Kuehn argued forcibly that Germans must stake everything on the single card of peaceful re-unification. Military integration, he claimed, with either East or West would lead to the grave risk of war. It would make peaceful unification improbable, and perhaps altogether impossible. At least equally interesting was the attitude of the 800 students present; the great majority gave strong support to Lemmer and Kuehn.

Finally, it is important to appreciate the development of opinion inside the S.P.D. The agenda for the forthcoming Party Conference suggests that there is going to be real and serious discussion of the twin problems of E.D.C. and re-unification. The Berlin district seems to support rearmament. But it is opposed by Essen, Dortmundt, North Hesse, Goettingen, Braunschweig and others. Especially interesting is the firm opposition to rearmament in many of the working class districts in the Ruhr. Here, too, many of the resolutions stressed the importance of peaceful re-unification and condemned E.D.C. as the enemy of German unity.

ROME

Spanners in the Works

Our Rome Correspondent writes: Last week's postponement of the signature of the Balkan Pact caused sighs of relief in diplomatic circles in Rome, where the race between the Pact and the Trieste settlement seemed already to have gone to the former. Belgrade radio quickly accused Italy and other "non-Balkan elements" of responsibility for the delay; and some sections of the Italian press suggested that the Palazzo Chigi itself might be seeking admittance to the Pact. The formal cause of the delay was Turkey's request for a breathing-space owing to Mr. Menderes's illness; but observers in Rome recalled the Turkish Premier's recent visit to Washington, and connected his request both with the Trieste negotiations and with the problem of Nato, where Yugoslavia is not represented. Are the Americans, anxious for a rapid solution of Trieste as a pre-condition for E.D.C., in fact using Turkey to reinforce the objections raised by Italy when the Balkan Pact first neared completion. Colour is lent to these suggestions by the recent slowing-down of progress on Trieste. American sources in Rome scout the notion of an indefinite blocking of the Balkan Pact on this account; yet it is clearly hoped that delay will diminish the difficulties which have lately arisen—the most publicised being the demand made by *Borba* and the Tanjug Agency for "local autonomy" in the port of Trieste.

The Palazzo Chigi still insists on the "provisional" character of any settlement involving partition, but even this has aroused passionate opposition in certain quarters, which in turn have done their best to obstruct the negotiations. A month ago, the Bishop and the Rettore Magnifico of the Free Territory paid a protest visit to the Premier, and shortly afterwards a Centre-Party delegation from Trieste again opposed partition, pointing out that this might add to the present 22,000 Triestine unemployed a further 20,000 refugees and ex-officials. On July 10, the *Corriere di Trieste* announced gloomily that the delegation had proved fruitless; but the economic and religious problems posed by zonal division still preoccupy the Government as much as the fate of their current positions preoccupies the highly paid Trieste administration. Dissension has notably arisen between the professional diplomats of the Palazzo Chigi and the professional politicians who have to explain their policy; and rumours even suggest that Signor Piccioni, the Foreign Minister, may be replaced by Signor Saragat. Talk of such changes is largely occasioned by Signor Fanfani's succession to De Gasperi as Demochristian Party Secretary: but despite Signor Scelba's meekness at the Neapolitan Congress, Fanfani seems unlikely to prove a new broom, and changes seem out of the question while so much remains precarious in Trieste and elsewhere.

WESTMINSTER

"Kick that Man"

Sir Richard Acland adds notably to the drama of any occasion. His voice ranges with ease over half a dozen octaves and is as vibrant in the falsetto, with which he denotes surprise, as in the basso profundo, with which he denotes profound dismay. It was fitting, therefore, that he, in the debate on Crichel Down, should be the medium through which the attention of the House was focused on the absent character—the character who motivates the drama but does not appear upon the scene. For Sir Richard Acland drew attention to Sir Andrew Clark, whose report on Crichel Down lay before the House. Technically speaking, we should have kept our eyes on Sir Thomas Dugdale, who had publicly renounced his previous stand and, almost as a by-product, had charted a new agricultural policy by which maximum food production now becomes a secondary consideration. Having told the lions behind him that they were absolutely right in their attitude, he had thrown them his body to prove that there was no offence. Then he had blown his nose on a flowered silk handkerchief and resumed his place, a Minister no longer. Sir Winston Churchill had tried, but failed, to blink back his tears. Miss Florence Horsbrugh also had wept. George Brown had been left with a tense House, strangely silent after the Minister's resignation. Some Tories, surveying the prostrate Sir Thomas may have murmured: "Kick that man, he's still breathing!" But although George Brown has been brought up in a tough school, he could not go that far.

He turned to the absent character, Sir Andrew Clark. The form of a White Paper, plus the knowledge that it has been written by an eminent lawyer, induces respect. If we visualise its author, we assume a dry legalistic figure writing with a crabbed objective hand upon sheets of parchment. But within five minutes George Brown had disclosed at least one serious inaccuracy in the report, as serious as any of the inaccuracies for which Sir Andrew had trounced the minor civil servants. But it was left to Sir Richard Acland to present another picture of Sir Andrew, who emerged as a flamboyant, knockabout political character. He had once been a Conservative candidate. During his campaigning days he had denounced all public enterprise, in almost hysterical terms, as the destroyer of family life. Was it strange, then, asked Sir Richard, that he had concentrated his censure on the servants of public enterprise and had failed entirely to indict the Conservative Ministers? Later, Herbert Morrison enquired slyly why, when the name of the official Opposition was the "Labour Party," did Sir Andrew insist on calling it the "Socialist Party" in the language of the Tory press?

Labour spokesmen did not attempt to condone the misdeeds and errors of judgment of the civil servants. But it became clearer, as Reggie Paget and Stanley Evans spoke, that the major offence lay in the administrative incompetence of the Ministers. Why did Sir Thomas procrastinate? Why did his Under-Secretaries equivocate? On what evidence did they make decisions when they did make them? Above all, why the attempt to picture this as a criminal conspiracy by civil servants when one of the major offenders was a private enterprise estate agent? Why, at the end of the day, was a new policy announced in the last breath of a Minister who had resigned because he had supported the previous policy? And finally, why should publicly owned land be sold back to the descendants or successors of original owners, regardless of the national interest?

WILFRED FIENBURGH

Surrender at Crichel Down

THAT Sir Thomas Dugdale's resignation over Crichel Down was proper in all the circumstances goes without saying. Indeed, he may reasonably be criticised for delaying it so long. The form of words in which he announced his departure suggests that the Government is anxious to reaffirm the principle that Ministers must take the rap for the misdeeds of their officials. Yet, if this were really the essence of the matter, the resignation would have come better at the time of publication of Sir Andrew Clark's report. The fact is that Sir Thomas resigned because the Cabinet could find no way of carrying its back-bench support in the Division Lobby, except by agreeing to a change in policy which left the Minister in an intolerably humiliating position.

The ethics of resignation are always complicated. The traditional principle that a Minister must accept complete responsibility for the activities of his Department is a valuable one; it is the only means by which the Commons can control the Executive, without an undue interference in the detailed working of the administrative machine. The current scene in Washington is a sufficient warning of the dangers of Government by Parliamentary committee. Once upon a time, indeed, when the public administration was less complicated and less devolved, the principle of Ministerial responsibility could be considered paramount. But it is clear that there are today many circumstances in which Parliament must be able to probe, without involving the Minister's personal position, the activities of at least those public officials (like the Agricultural Land Commission) who enjoy a quasi-independent status. Sir Thomas Dugdale's resignation was inevitable, both because of his own personal responsibility, and that of his two juniors, for the muddle of Crichel Down, and because the Cabinet chose to throw him to the wolves. But satisfaction over this particular resignation should not blind Socialists to the problem a resolute Labour majority in the Commons may have to face in deciding how best to discipline the occasional incompetent or hostile official, without undermining either the integrity or the morale of the Civil Service.

The course of last Tuesday's Commons debate illustrates very well the realities of this particular resignation. Normally, the resignation of the Minister involved would have taken the political edge off the debate. But, on this occasion, the concessions made by the Government to its back-benchers were such that the Opposition could not conceivably have allowed the matter to drop. We have already pointed out the natural danger that the scandalous failure of administration in this particular case would be used by the Tory Party as a means of attacking the whole principle of public ownership and administration of agricultural land. So it has proved. To pacify the 1922 Committee, land in the possession of a Government Department is now to be offered for sale to its previous owners or their successors, as soon as that particular Department has finished with it. Whether its return to private ownership helps or hinders food production is irrelevant. The dogma of private ownership, in other words, replaces the public interest as the determining factor. Since this is a proposition which not even a Tory Minister can defend, on the assumptions hitherto accepted about the importance of food production in Great Britain, the unfortunate Sir Thomas Dugdale was obliged to make the fatuous claim that the home production of food has improved so much in the last two years that the considerations which weighed with him in the past need no longer apply. Mr. George Brown, speaking from the Opposition Front Bench, was scarcely exaggerating when he described this "sad sell-out for agriculture" as an "unmitigated disaster."

It Need Not Happen

AFTER the German set-back in Russia in November, 1941, it seemed possible that a solution would be found for the "insoluble German problem." If the defeat of the Nazis were followed by a social revolution, and by a durable agreement with the Kremlin, at least about the future of Germany, then we might at least see to it that a third world war would not be hatched in the same place and by the same people that started war in 1914 and 1939. To the Voigts and Vansittarts this seemed mealy-mouthed talk; butcher birds could not be so easily tamed. But what would they or indeed anyone else have said if I had suggested that in less than ten years after the war, many old professional anti-Germans, as well as the Conservatives and even the official leadership of the Labour Party would be passionately campaigning for the rearmament of Germany, after having acquiesced in the return of Krupps to Essen and the reinstatement of ex-Nazis to the key positions in German industry and administration and defence?

In a speech at Edinburgh on July 12 Mr. Deakin, now the most powerful figure in the trade union movement, spoke of a "wicked attempt" being made to persuade the Labour movement to oppose German rearmament. This is an ominous phrase, since it is understood in a democracy that we must put up, as best we may, with people who are foolish enough not to agree with us, while reserving punishment for those guilty of moral turpitude. If Mr. Deakin and his colleagues can really feel that that large part of the Labour Party which disagrees with him about German rearmament is wicked, then might they not feel justified in expelling instead of arguing with their opponents? Fortunately for us, the opposition spokesmen are more tolerant. In their new pamphlet,* which answers with magisterial force the arguments to be found *In Defence of Europe*, the six Bevanite members of the Executive pay tribute to the sincerity of colleagues who disagree with them, being content merely to point out that their policy is directed towards war, not peace, and that it is not yet too late to change it.

I should myself have more respect for the German re-armers if they would not pretend

* *It Need Not Happen. The Alternative to German Rearmament.* By Aneurin Bevan, Barbara Castle, Richard Crossman, Tom Driberg, Ian Mikardo and Harold Wilson. *Tribune.* 1s.

that their policy was defensive, and that E.D.C. was a way of controlling Western Germany and integrating Western Europe. Demonstrably, it is none of these things. Dr. Adenauer spoke for all those forces of reaction that we and the Americans are now supporting, when he said at the end of 1951: "Our chief reason for entering the European army is to be able to recover our Eastern territories." Nor can anyone who studies the present structure of Western Germany, or the type of propaganda now permitted there, delude himself into the belief that Western Germany's ambitions can be peacefully fulfilled. The "Eastern territories," which West Germans wish to regain are not merely the Soviet Zone (which, on terms, the Kremlin has expressed itself ready to evacuate), but also East Prussia and Silesia. As the authors of the pamphlet remark:

> The Ruhr barons are back, the Cartels are being reformed, and, in every Ministry in Bonn, the key men are either prominent Nazis, like the notorious Herr Globke, who framed the Nuremburg laws and is now Dr. Adenauer's chief aide in the Chancellory, or fellow-travellers who connived at the crimes of the Third Reich without making flaming speeches in support of them. In Western Germany, in fact, capitalism has been restored in a starker, more selfish and more materialistic form than in any other country of Europe or North America. So long as prosperity, primed with American dollars, continues, the Nazi forces will remain in the background, as they did during the piping years of the Weimar Republic. But they hold all the keys to power today, and, when Mr. Attlee talks about strengthening and sustaining German democracy through German rearmament, he is neglecting all the facts of history. It was the combination of a selfish monopolistic capitalism with a small, highly trained army and a minority of ardent nationalists that created the expansionism first of Wilhelm the Second, and then of Adolph Hitler. All those forces are once again present, and rearmament will only strengthen their grip on the Bonn Government. Moreover, it is sheer illusion to believe that the new German army can be democratic; since there has been no military training in Western Germany since 1945, the cadres of the 12 German Divisions will consist of officers and N.C.O.s, every one of whom was trained in Hitler's Wehrmacht. In addition, the kind of German who volunteers to get back into uniform today is unlikely to be a Social Democrat or even a supporter of democracy. So the 12 Divisions will be Nazi-led and Nazi-trained.

Where is the honesty of pretending that the re-creation of this force and structure, which was so largely responsible for two world wars, has for its object the maintenance of European democracy? Or do the leaders of the Labour Party now think that Auschwitz and Belsen were democratic institutions?

The rearmament of Germany has nothing to do with Western German unity (how do its advocates manage to forget France?) or democracy, but a great deal to do with a delusion about defence. The argument is that Germany, supported by America, will compel Russia by threats to disgorge confiscated territory, or there will be a war in which it will be sensible for us to have Germany on our side. There never was much chance that Russia would yield to a threat of this kind; now that Moscow also has the Hydrogen bomb the only result of such an ultimatum would be war. It is common ground that in an H-Bomb war Britain is not defensible. Therefore, to link ourselves with an aggressive Western Germany, supported by H-Bombs flown from British bases, is not self-defence, but national suicide.

There is another, equally fatal, possibility which German re-armers seem not to realise. This East-West war would be as destructive to Germany as to Britain. Russia's possession of the H-Bomb makes that certain. It is no accident that men as experienced and well-informed as Pastor Niemöller, Ex-Chancellor Brüning, Rauschnigg, and Sebastian Haffner have all warned us in recent weeks that Germany is at least as likely to return to the policy of Rapallo and the Nazi-Soviet Pact as she is to destroy herself in war against the limitless manpower and nuclear arms of the Communist world. The argument used to be that Russia had the men and the West had the atom bombs. This was supposed to be a balance, securing parity for the West. Today, with Russia and America both making H-Bombs cheaply and in large numbers, the argument falls to the ground. There is at least as much chance, if not more, that German rearmament means, not the war against Russia which is apparently taken for granted by Washington, Bonn and Transport House, but another Nazi-Soviet Pact which would make Germany dominant in Europe and unite Eurasia against the West.

At this point I am interrupted by a sharp, exasperated bark from Mr. Attlee. "All of this may be true," he says, "but what's the use of crying over spilt milk? We can't stop Germany again becoming powerful. We can't make an agreement with the Russians. We can't be sure of war. Something may turn up." I am not prepared to accept this elderly defeatism. Nor will Labour leaders accept it, when they see senseless annihilation in front of them. Today they may take new courage from events at Geneva. France and Britain, by breaking sharply with American policy, have discovered that it is possible to carry out genuine negotiations with the Communist world and to achieve a reasonable compromise. Nothing of the sort was attempted at the conferences with Russia at the Palais Rose or in Berlin. Is there any good reason why renewed negotiations with the Russians about Germany should not stand as good a prospect of success as we had in Indo-China?

I am glad, therefore, that the six Bevanite members of the Executive have not been content merely to demolish the false arguments for German rearmament, and that their pamphlet is throughout written in a positive and constructive vein. They urge that we should make a sincere attempt to reach agreement with Russia over Germany. They are on historically sure ground when they point out that the chance of agreement at the Berlin Conference was that Russia would agree to free elections and to clear out of the Eastern Zone if we agreed not to rearm Western Germany; that by making a pre-condition of West German rearmament we threw away our one good bargaining counter and excluded from the beginning any chance of agreement. Like Sir Winston Churchill, they see a possibility of peace for Europe in reviving the Locarno idea by which Russian security, as well as Western, may be guaranteed. They urge, with unanswerable force, that

> the chance of such talks succeeding would be vastly improved if the Western Powers were to seize the initiative by announcing their decision not to have recourse to the thermo-nuclear warfare unless it had first been used against them. One of the most appalling dangers with which this country is faced is that we are committed to an American strategy which relies on "instant massive retaliation" against any aggression—that is, the use of A and H bombs *before* they have been used against us.

It is obvious that there is no solution to the problem of armaments considered in isolation. Rearmament is in part an economic problem which must be tackled as part of the whole capitalist dilemma. Disarmament is not a penalty enforced by victorious nations on the loser, but a necessity for human survival. The six Bevanites therefore take up the idea familiarised by Walter Reuter that part of the increment of industrial nations in the U.N. should be annually contributed to a World Development Fund. This would be used for raising living standards and developing resources in the backward areas of the world. During a proposed ten-year period of German neutralisation the other nations should progressively disarm, while Germany contributes

> an amount equal to her defence expenditure if she were rearming. A contribution by Germany to a world development fund of this kind would help to assuage her neighbours' fears of competition. The proposal is in essence a way of gradual deferment to peaceful uses of defence expenditure . . . the arms expenditure is a kind of huge public works programme. An alternative public works programme must be launched if expenditure is to be reduced substantially . . . we cannot go on accepting the macabre situation that in order to keep ourselves in work today we must prepare to kill one another tomorrow.

The principal danger to world war is the assumption that it is inevitable. The answer is that nothing is inevitable until you have left off trying to avoid it, and that war today is only inevitable in the sense that the total smash of a car is inevitable if it is driven very fast towards a precipice by a whole bevy of madmen who struggle with each other for the steering wheel though none of them knows how to drive. In both cases there is always a chance, if some of the drivers can sober up, that the brakes may be jammed on before the car finally topples over. In this situation, the immediate task is not to discuss how precisely the car should proceed to a more agreeable destination, but quite simply, as priority number one, to stop.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

THE first words I heard on Monday morning were the B.B.C. news announcer saying that General Bedell Smith has stated that the United States would not "upset by violence" any agreement reached in Geneva if it was of a kind which the U.S. Government could respect! Even when one read the full text (the words were "the threat or use of force"), and remembered that this was a quotation from the U.N. Charter, it remained one of the most staggering diplomatic announcements of all time. Here is a Power which has moved (as an American wit quoted in the *New York Times* put it) to a position where it can claim "innocence through disassociation," and which nevertheless solemnly announces that, if other Powers decide to leave off killing each other, it will not actually begin another war provided it approves of the terms of their agreement! The shocking fact is that this is as large a mouthful of peace as the US. Government feels that the American public, in its present mood, can be expected to swallow. When I think of how, only a few years ago, I was beset everywhere in the U.S. by pugnaciously expressed criticism of the British for not giving India her freedom, for being a colonial Power, for (I quote an actual case) "standing on the necks of the Canadians," I regard this switch of opinion as the most extraordinary in modern history. The great anti-colonial Power, which has always been proud of successfully beginning the revolt against Imperialism, does not express joy at the end of eight years of cruel fighting by an Imperial Power against a badly governed colonial people. It will merely refrain from upsetting the settlement if it approves it. This does not mean that Americans are less humane or less freedom-lovers in their hearts than they

were before. It is simply that the press and Television have presented before their eyes a picture of the world so misshapen that they have, for the time, forgotten their traditions.

* * *

So the ambitious demagogue, thwarted in his evil designs, has thrown in his hand and retired, thumbing his nose at Mr. Gaitskell, to become rich, fattening bullocks and cultivating raspberries! The real picture of Mr. Aneurin Bevan is somewhat different. The rule by which members of the Executive may not reveal their differences in public has always rendered difficult the position of anti-bureaucratic spokesmen of the rank and file. Lansbury, Stafford Cripps, Ellen Wilkinson, Harold Laski all told the same story. The dilemma is inescapable. Once on the Executive, Socialist leaders, who have been chosen because they criticise the Transport House machine, find themselves unable either to exert influence over Party policy, or to explain to their followers why they seem to be betraying them. Several years of this have been enough for Mr. Bevan. Does this mean that he will now become a sort of Maxton figure, shooting eloquent darts at impregnable targets? That is certainly not how he sees it. He intends, I understand, to continue speaking in the country, to increase the amount of his writing, to fight the battle from the back benches in the House of Commons, to speak his mind freely at the Party Conferences, and to continue the battle each year by standing for the Treasurership. He believes that if the Party machine succeeds in suppressing what we may call the Keir Hardie "underdog" side of Labour, then the Labour movement will degenerate into a sectional affair representing only the material, short-run interests of the trade unions. In that case the Communists will grow into a real menace. Don't forget that Mr. Bevan today is very anti-Communist, the Centre, not the Left of Labour. He represents one of the two main streams of British Labour; it can only be strong if the two streams join in a single river. Otherwise the fate of the Party will be that of Social Democratic Parties on the Continent, which have become purely middle-class bodies.

One common error has certainly lowered Nye Bevan's vote: people imagine, not unnaturally, that the Treasurer of the Party has something to do with its finances. You will hear in the country many people ask why Nye, whom they regard as a political leader, should want a job for which Hugh Gaitskell, as an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer is obviously the better equipped. It is an easy mistake to make. Once upon a time the Treasurer did have something to do with finance. Today, by tradition, he makes an appeal for funds at the Party Conference, but apart from that I cannot find that he needs to know anything more about the income and expenditure of the Labour Party than any other Tom, Dick or Harry, on the Executive. The Labour Party Treasurership has in fact become a typical British institution. It survives by habit and because it is useful to have an honorific office available for a person of influence, but it has no more to do with the Labour Party's exchequer than the Privy Seal has to do with sealing.

* * *

One thousand is a splendid score for a literary periodical and the *Cornhill Magazine* can be congratulated not only on reaching that figure but on producing such a bumper number to celebrate the occasion. When the *Cornhill* started in 1860 with Thackeray as editor, the serial was the standby of the literary magazine, and Trollope wrote *Framley Parsonage* specially for it. *The Moonstone*, *Harry Richmond* and *The White Company* were among the other novels that appeared in its pages. Now its characteristic feature is rather the long short story, the critical article, the civilised travel piece; this number includes a study by Sir Kenneth Clark of "The Naked and the Nude," a travel diary by Peter Mayne and a meditation by Freya Stark on the cities of Asia Minor. But to my mind the plum is "Take me back to dear old Shepherd's Bush," Osbert Lancaster's journey back in place and time to life in Elgin Crescent, W.11 before the first war. Digging about for information on the *Cornhill* I have been comforted to find that Thackeray was considered a weak editor—too tender-hearted to poverty-stricken authors, too dilatory in reading MSS.

Mr. John Gordon, perhaps annoyed at being routed in the battle of Radstock, has searched the last issue of this journal for an inaccuracy. He found one in an editorial note. We were, it seems, out of date in the example we chose of disciplinary practices in the Brigade of Guards. These Regiments do make their own rules to supplement Queen's Regulations; and the life of a Guardsman is made difficult, in order to keep him extra "smart"; but it is a long time, I am told, since a man has been put on a charge for being "idle" in the company of a female. In pre-war days Guardsmen still walked about London in scarlet, and were much in demand as escorts by women at all levels of society. They are not so conspicuous or perhaps so attractive to females today, in mufti or in battledress. But how accurately pointed our comment was will be seen from the question asked on June 29 by Mr. Swingler in the Commons. There is nothing in Queen's Regulations to make it an offence for a Guardsman to faint on parade: but, in fact, he gets 28 days' C.B. for doing so. Sections 46 and 47 of the Army Act appear specifically to preclude the administration of summary punishment to a junior officer by his C.O. for an offence under the Act. Yet, as a result of this year's Trooping the Colour, a junior officer in the Coldstream Guards was so punished—and for fainting on parade, which is not even an offence.

* * *

Bad weather has the effect of making Mr. Park repeat himself quite a lot. Unlike some of his neighbours he does not attribute the rain to atomic explosions in the Pacific. But he blames the scientists. Artificial manures are ruining the soil. The crops are being destroyed by the poisonous sprays that the farmers use. The same sprays account for the quick rusting of the wire that covers my thatch. "It's everywhere alike," he says after each accusation. "The scientists ought to leave off destroying everything with their inventions and do something useful. Look at this wind. It is mostly always due to allowing the windmills to decay. It stands to reason that the wind is now quite uncontrolled. What the scientists ought to be doing is to restart the windmills and build a great many more everyhere."

CRITIC

PRIZE DAY AT LAKE LEMAN

If now the British, French, Chinese and Russians
Close with a truce their long-drawn-out discussions,
If East and West agree to end Indo-China hostilities
With the minimum exchange of diplomatic incivilities,
If they announce a unanimous, multilateral decision
On cease-fire, re-groupment, elections and supervision,
If they produce a palliative, though not a panacea,
In half the time it took to do absolutely nothing in Korea,
The credit for attaining this highly desirable objective
Is due, not to any one individual, but to energies collective.

To Mr. Eden the world owes unqualified and universal gratitude
For his unfaltering statesmanship and conciliatory attitude,
And for smoothing over every awkward Conference occasion
By dining so often and so impartially with French, Russian and Asian;
To Premier Mendès-France, for torpedoing M. Bidault,
And for gambling boldly on co-existence across the bamboo *rideau*,
For cutting French losses, and easing the pangs of partition,
Even the Assembly, however reluctant, accords recognition;
To Mr. Chou En-lai, indefatigable Ambassador of Peking,
Goes spontaneous applause for most conscientious peace-seeking,
Also to Mr. Molotov, for exemplary self-restraint and discretion
In not once applying his veto or walking out of the session,
To Mr. Nehru for his incessant neutralising activity,
To Laos, Cambodia and Viet Nam for their unexceptionable passivity,
And to Mr. Dulles for his invaluable negative contribution
In announcing that he wouldn't actually atomise this unpalatable solution.
But while honours are equally shared by each Conference actor,
The outcome was due to a decisive, if entirely external factor—
The cause of the happy result of these difficult and delicate negotiations
Was the tactful, total and conspicuous absence of the United Nations.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

I have seen the effect on children of a Socialist environment. Almost the first word a child says is not "Mum" or "Dad," but "Labour."—Letter in *Daily Mail*. (R. Grauman.)

He brought with him a note from his mother, explaining that he was an exceptionally sensitive child. "It is not really necessary to chastise him," the note said. "It would be better to give the boy in the next seat a good slap and so frighten him."—*Daily Herald*. (A. E. Chapple.)

The centre of the picture is her curved stomach which is magnificently established in space.—*New Statesman*. (Q.E.)

Edward Lawrence Carabine (39), told Middlesbrough police officers who suspected him of being drunk: "I have been working overtime. My job is tasting beer and stout."—*News Chronicle*. (H. J. N. Howburgh.)

I ventured in a big London restaurant the other day to compliment the waitress on the high standard they maintained. "No," she answered, "you'll never find any cracked crockery used in here. Why, the moment a cup is cracked it is sent up at once to the staff canteen."—Letter in *Manchester Guardian*. (L. P. Matthews.)

Thoughts in the Wilderness

THE REAL CLEAN-UP

BEING greedy and self-indulgent, I often eat too much, and I smoke too much strong tobacco, with the result that I sleep badly. This means that I do a great deal of reading in bed. Literature and books that have ideas in them are no use to me as bed books because they excite me and make me more wakeful than ever. So I read a great many detective stories and thrillers of the better sort, most of which I borrow from our local bookshop library. Many of these, by writers unknown to me, I glance at and then throw aside, because they cannot be read even in the small hours. But this means that I take a dip into all manner of stuff, and do at least learn what is being written, published, and read.

It has been said that those of us who read fiction of this kind are secretly attracted to it by the violence it depicts. This in my own case, I most stoutly deny. What attracts me to it, simply as bed reading, is that it offers me narrative on a certain artificial level, not unlike the *Arabian Nights*. I like narrative—and am no bad hand at it myself—and if it is free from challenging ideas and the oppressive but fascinating thickness of something like real life, then I skim along easily, with part of my mind sufficiently engrossed while the remainder of it prepares itself for sleep. A certain amount of violence is almost inevitable in stories that deal with crime and its detection, though I have long held that there is too much murder in such fiction, too many corpses and not sufficient ingenuity in offering us riddles not stained with blood. (For example, we are told that every year hundreds of people simply disappear. What stories could be told about them!) And, it must be remembered, some of our best novelists both here and in America are fascinated by violence: this is, after all, an age of violence. But as a reader—and certainly as a reader-in-bed—I am not attracted by it; and indeed most of the stories I throw aside sicken me because they describe, with a gusto missing from the rest of their narratives, scenes that descend to the depths of atrocity. Moreover, they ask not only for our interest but for our admiration. It is not just the villains who smash noses, gouge eyes, and beat people to a jelly; the heroes do it too, and indeed are handier at it than the villains. There is a familiar type of husky private detective who is better at getting results than the police are, just because he behaves like a member of the Gestapo or the S.S. And now, I am sorry to say, there seem to be even more of these tough guys in English than in American fiction.

This is not a good dream life to offer adolescent lads. Much of this fiction is of course aimed at them. The hero is what they would like to be. Outwardly he is everything they are not: tall, broad-shouldered, very strong, very brave, attractive to the girls; he is "a snappy dresser," negligently drives a very fast car, drinks all manner of exotic stuff (he hardly ever eats), and strolls in and out of strange night clubs, throwing pound notes about, not giving a damn for anybody except the enchanting blonde in the corner. And if you are seventeen, five foot four and rather puny, a victim of acne, with only two shabby suits, a job in a cheese warehouse, no entranced girls, two and eightpence to last you until Friday, and several jeering brothers and sisters, then you want to live gloriously, if vicariously, with such a hero. Nothing new here: boys and youths have been identifying themselves with the Hero for thousands of years; this cannot be stopped. But we might see to it that the Hero is not so often kicking people in the stomach and then smashing their faces into red pulp. We do not want to find ourselves surrounded on a dark night by youths whose imaginations have been nourished on such scenes. It will be as well if the citizens of tomorrow do not take it for granted that people they dislike should be beaten, pounded, minced. The red-pulp view of life should be discouraged.

If some of our cleaners-up would stop thinking about sex and take a look at this violent cruel stuff, they might yet do us a service. This is not likely to happen. It is the pleasures of sex and not the pains of cruelty that start the puritan crusading. The people who mark the spicy bits in their library books are probably not on the increase, but lately their complaints have been taken seriously by officials who used to have the sense to ignore them. Obviously, there is somewhere a great Cleaner-Up, who prefers not to see what a lot of nonsense is being written about obscenity and pornography in recent fiction. (One man in *The Times* claimed Mrs. Bloom's interior monologue, at the end of *Ulysses*, as a spicy-bit-de-luxe. Anybody who finds an aphrodisiac there is in no need of one.) You would imagine from all these complaints that sex can only be discovered in print, whereas there is so much sex in most people's heads that a writer would have to work very hard to put in any more. A youth of our time has not to read a book to find sexual stimulation: the lecherous eye is catered for by an army of experts; the whole landscape bulges with secondary female characteristics. Our films are most thoroughly examined and censored, with all those ten-foot bosoms being measured to an inch, but many of them contrive to be impersonally sexy to the point of nausea, turning whole cities into whore houses. Our smaller music halls, once the nurseries of genuine talent, are now chiefly given over to touring revues that exploit sex in the crudest and dreariest fashion, Aphrodite in dirty wool underwear. No doubt some writers of fiction, uncertain of their power to entertain and hard-pressed in a grimly competitive trade, try to compete with these other lascivious enterprises; but if I were in search of stimulus, I do not think I would sample the efforts of these colleagues.

I am doubtful myself of the artistic value of detailed descriptions of sexual acts, for reasons I have no space for here. I do not like much pornography, and never made a close friend of anybody who offered me the run of an expensive library of it (probably inherited from a Victorian; they were notable collectors); there is always something wrong with people who have too much sex in their heads. But this talk of "sheer filth" and the terrible corruption of the young seems to me very silly, at least when applied to passages dealing with the straightforward commerce of the sexes. To such filth we owe our earthly being. And even the rubbishy sexual stuff in cheap fiction is not likely to harm most youngsters, soon to be confronted by the blazing urgency of their own sexual lives, in a society already heavily committed to almost every trick of exploiting sex. The raging curiosity of the young is no recent product. In my time we searched the Bible and Shakespeare for passages to giggle over in secret. As for adults, if they prefer a sexual dream life, dubiously heightened by trashy novels, to the strenuous give-and-take of reality, then there is something so wrong with them that prosecuting a few writers and publishers will not help very much.

Nine youngsters out of ten will sooner or later discover sex for themselves, even if their favourite hero is not always being voluptuously entangled. But this cruel violence is something else. It is by no means an essential part of us. No doubt there is in us the germ of it, a spark of savagery, especially in youth. One of the aims of civilisation is to smother that spark, to provide an environment in which that germ cannot flourish and multiply. But here in this popular fiction the whole civilised trend is being carefully reversed. It is more than a question of manners. There is much of our early fiction—in Fielding and Smollett, for example—a lot of rough-and-tumble, knockabout brutality, as much a reflection of its time as Hogarth's pictures were. But this new violence, with its sadistic overtones, is quite different. It is not simply coarse, brutal from a want of refinement and nerves, but genuinely corrupt, fundamentally unhealthy and evil. It does not suggest the fairground, the cattle market, the boxing booth, the horseplay of exuberant young males. It smells of concentration camps and the basements of secret police. There are screaming nerves in it. Its father is not an animal maleness but some sort of diseased manhood, perverted and rotten. And the writers who offer us this stuff—who must not be confused with those who are dealing fairly and frankly with the more violent aspects of contemporary life—give the game away by their gloating eagerness, the sudden heightening of their descriptive powers. And, let me repeat, in the stories of which I complain, these sadistic antics are displayed for our admiration; it is the Hero, with whom the young reader identifies himself, who is the master of them. Any lad who tries to forget his various frustrations by continually reading such stuff is in danger of real corruption. The results may be discovered in some of our Sunday papers.

What can we do about it? Well, in my view, it is not necessary to use the heavy machinery of the police and the law courts. The book trade can clean itself up. Writers, publishers' readers, publishers, reviewers, booksellers, can do most of the job between them. They have only to be honestly aware of this evil trend to begin putting a stop to it. Most people in our trade are decent enough not to want to make money out of corruption. If the writer still writes it, the publishers' readers should call his attention to it, the publishers should refuse to publish it, the reviewers should condemn it, the booksellers boycott it. We may be hard-pressed, as I believe we are, but not so far gone that we cannot do a little cleaning up ourselves. It is not hard to make a start. Not long ago I found one of the largest bookshops in the West End having a special counter display of a writer of this sadistic muck. I took the manager over to it and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself. The special display vanished. That was not much, but at least it was a beginning.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Going on Holiday?

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Portuguese Pocket

'A HOLIDAY in Goa? It's a beautiful place, of course, but pure colonial." Uncertain whether I had grasped the total condemnation implied, the Indian friend in Bombay who was seeing me off added: "There is no freedom; and, for imprisonment, you get sent to some islands off the coast of Africa. Britain was able to leave the whole of India gracefully. Even France is willing to talk about a referendum. But Dr. Salazar says that Goa is part of Portugal and that there is nothing to discuss. Imagine!"

Down at the Ferry Wharf, a Goan friend wished me *bon voyage*, with apparent envy. "I haven't been back since '43—too busy. But you'll love it. There are many old and beautiful things to see. In fact, Goa doesn't belong to this century at all; you'll step into the past. But everyone is very happy—*dolce far niente* is the motto. Portuguese rule sits lightly on the Goans. You mustn't take seriously the agitation for the liberation of Goa and all that. No one inside Goa would raise a finger to be merged with India. Life would then become far too real, far too earnest."

Twenty-four hours later, we went ashore at Panjim—into another world, a world that still gives the visitor a glimpse of what India under a Portuguese instead of a British Empire would have been like. Or at least the towns are different; the villages are much like the villages of any other part of the Malabar coast; the countryside has the same palms, the same bananas, the same red soil that reaches down to Trivandrum. Only the stone crosses are more numerous than even in Travancore. The Empire begins in the towns. It begins, if you like, with an admirably adequate array of *Cafe-Bar*, *Taverna* and *Loja Vinhos Europeus* which have perhaps a quite special charm after "dry" Bombay. It begins also—and some would say it ends, too—with the sedate little processions of black lace head-scarves going off to mass in the mornings.

Half the population of over 650,000 Goans are Catholics and half Hindus, with a tiny proportion of Muslims. That only half should have been converted after 450 years of Portuguese rule (complete with Inquisition and the cult of St. Francis Xavier) says much for Hindu resistance. The priests, much in evidence and with several fine seminaries, are Portuguese, Italian and above all, of course, Goan. Portuguese is a compulsory language, but English is widely spoken and Hindi is in growing demand as an asset for the employment market in India.

The economic life of Goa is simple, not to say backward. In the absence of industry of any kind, it centres around three features: the duty-free port, the manganese and iron-ore mines, and Radio Goa. The duty-free port provides the tourist with cheap eau-de-Cologne and American nylon goods, and leads to a prosperous smuggling business. The manganese and the iron-ore, brought down from the hills by river and rail, lie in great heaps of black and russet in the sun-burnt yards of Marmugoa Harbour, the former bound for the U.S., the latter, at a rate of two or three thousand tons a day, for Japan and Holland. The mines are in the hands of Goa's rich man, Mr. Chowgule, a Goan of Indian origin who has made very good. His new block of concrete offices is going up on the hillside overlooking the harbour, and his vast air-conditioned car is only one of several purchases which he is enabled to make by being allowed to spend 5 per cent. of his dollar earnings on duty-free imports from the U.S. Mr. Chowgule is one of those for whom "Freedom for Goa" would be no liberation but rather a new bondage to Reserve Bank restrictions and income-tax laws; it must be with special willingness that he obeys the orders to show the photo of the Portuguese Governor-General in his offices and shops.

"Here is Goa, here is Portugal!" says the announcer of Radio Goa, but the station's purpose is commercial rather than propagandist. My friend, a wireless engineer, went to look over the equipment: "It seems you are directed on to Bombay." "Of course, that's where the market is." And very successful, too, is Radio Goa, providing light fare in competition with the more staid All-India Radio. At the same time, it plays its part as an instrument of the Church; an Irish priest conducts the services in English.

Getting people in Goa to talk freely about their political views is not easy. This is not surprising. Political views have never been encouraged, and the system of government rests entirely on nomination by the Governor-General. The citizens can, it is true, vote for the President of Portugal, but this doesn't provide a very profound political experience. Moreover, it is not difficult to learn the lesson of Dr. Gaitonde: his words "I protest," uttered at a public meeting in response to a phrase about Goa being part of Portugal, led promptly to his arrest and removal to Lisbon.

I found even the taxi-driver taciturn. Yes, he said, there certainly did seem to be more African soldiers about than usual. Yes, there were an awful lot of petty regulations governing the behaviour of taxi-drivers—including the compulsory wearing of hats and closed shoes, with a six-rupee fine if caught hatless, 12 rupees for wearing sandals. Beyond this, conversation was difficult. But when I hazarded the view that in a year Goa would be Indian, he swerved us closer than usual to the ditch, so great was his incredulous surprise.

The young Christian doctor we called on was more prepared to talk. What the Indian papers reported was exaggerated; but certainly Goa was intolerably backward, economically, politically, educationally. He knew Bombay and Calcutta and didn't love a backwater. Scornfully, he related how an electro-cardiograph, imported at great expense for the hospital, had lain unused for want of knowledge, only to be sold for a song at an auction years later.

His sister threw even more light on the situation. We were invited to admire her hobby—several portraits hanging on the walls, done not in paint as at first sight appeared but in finest embroidery. We liked them; so then a carved coffer was unlocked and out of hiding came her latest work—the pensive face of Pandit Nehru! But it is only fair to add the rest of the story. We asked if she considered exhibiting her work. "Yes, I've been told of one exhibition I should try for—in Portugal. I was advised, of course, to keep back the Nehru."

On the train, climbing up from the sea to the Deccan plateau (where people talk of marching on Goa) a pious Hindu Goan, reading sacred works in Marathi, told us it was really all very simple. "The half who are Hindu want union with India; the Christian half feel more comfortable with things as they are." But I remembered Mr. Chowgule on the one hand and the young doctor on the other, and thought the exceptions might be many.

Back in Bombay, where 80,000 patriotic Goans now live, the streets have "Free Goa" posters, the Goan National Congress calls for an end to Portuguese imperialism and there is an exhibition of "Goa's History in Pictures" which shows how it is all very bound up with India. The war of sentiments is on. For myself, I shall cherish the memory of the very English visitor who had been to see a football match in Goa: "They've only recently taken to the game, but they're very good. Of course, there is an awful lot of Latin exuberance. Some of it, I thought, went a bit too far—when the young men among the spectators chanted with much feeling: 'Death to the referee!'."

W. H. MORRIS JONES

Blank of the Yard

CROOKS' lives have now become so vital to us that every police officer appointed to "Central Office," New Scotland Yard, becomes a potential author, live or ghosted. *Blank of the Yard* has appeared, *mutatis mutandis*, over forty times since 1900; its stories inerrably true to a pattern, its pages lit at intervals by portraits of the author and darkened again by snapshots of his quarry entering or leaving courts of law. At rare intervals comes such a book as Sir Harold Scott's sober record of his eight years as Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis,* the principal value of which is that it brings up to date the administrative details described by predecessors.

What does one expect of such a book? An account of a stewardship, an answer to critics of general police policy, an explanation of particular shortcomings, a plea for public co-operation; all of public interest, all likely (and all calculated) to smooth out difficulties and lessen anxieties. Where one would, perhaps, expect it to differ from the memoirs of the men of "C.I.D. Central," of whom Sir Harold truly says that the newspapers make them better known to the public than the Commissioner, is in relation to the retelling of recent crime stories, all closely affecting the lives and susceptibilities of named and living persons, in and out of prison. In this respect Sir Harold has broken new ground, and his victims have, in addition, been pilloried in an advertising campaign conducted by the London newspaper that bought the serial rights. This exploitation of contemporary crime stories raises two interesting questions of law and one of official policy in relation to the after-care of convicted persons.

The intention of the law as to the number of times a convicted person and his relatives (to say nothing of his victims) shall pay the penalty of public obloquy may be deduced, in part, from section 3 of the Law of Libel Amendment Act, 1883:

> A fair and accurate report in any newspaper of proceedings publicly heard before any court exercising judicial authority shall, *if published contemporaneously with such proceedings*, be privileged;

and in part from section 1 of the Judicial Proceedings (Regulation of Reports) Act, 1926, which, in prohibiting the publication of matter "calculated to injure public morals," exempts

> Any separate volume of any *bona fide* series of law reports which . . . consists solely of reports of proceedings in courts of law, or any publication of a technical character *bona fide* intended for circulation among members of the legal or medical professions.

This appears to exempt neither the memoirs of Detective Inspector Blank nor the more dignified digressions of Commissioners. As for official policy, although the practice in England is to keep criminal records for ever and the *rehabilitation judiciaire* is unknown, some guidance may be found in the Home Secretary's recent refusal to make available, when he was asked to do so by Mr. Montgomery Hyde, M.P., the official papers

* *Scotland Yard.* By SIR HAROLD SCOTT. *Andre Deutsch.* 16*s.*

relating to the trials of Oscar Wilde, on the ground that sufficient time has not yet elapsed to ensure freedom from embarrassment for Wilde's relatives.

The other legal question concerns section 41 of the Criminal Justice Act, 1925, which provides a £50 penalty for photographing "in court" anyone concerned in a trial, or *publishing* such a photograph, and says that a person is "in court" while

> in the precincts of the building in which the court is held . . . or while he is entering or leaving the court room or any such building or precincts.

It will be apparent to everyone that this enactment has for some reason been totally ignored in its twenty years of life; every criminal of note still, as he has always done, runs the camera gauntlet on his way into and out of court. The telescopic lens may always defeat any attempt to prevent the taking of such photographs, but no action is ever taken when the photographs are published. *Blank of the Yard* invariably owes much to these pictures, in which the cowering crook with his hat before his face is coolly accompanied to or from the police car by the police officer who caught him; and you expect these illustrations, the book falls open at the places where they appear. You do not expect them when the Commissioner writes. In Sir Harold Scott's book there are full-page photographs of Neville Heath, Haigh, and Christie, the first two leaving and the third arriving at the Magistrate's Court. The publication of each of them, like the act of taking each of them, is a punishable offence; and although, in the case of a public man so universally well-regarded, there would be satisfaction for no one in the sudden eruption of this sleeping law, his sanction for the use of such pictures in his book offers the cloak of respectable association to multitudes of more sensational scribblers.

There is undoubted criminological value in the responsible books which have dealt with recent murders, medico-legally and otherwise, for the benefit of a restricted public; and no excuse need be sought for the retelling, in more popular form, of crime stories old enough to do no further harm to the parties involved. But an episode that came to my knowledge three years ago may illustrate the kind of consequences that can ensue. A man came out of prison after serving fifteen years of a "commuted" life sentence for the murder of his wife, and found highly responsible employment with a municipal authority in a district where he was not known. Having completely re-established himself (always a miracle of social adjustment), he discovered one day that a Sunday newspaper, then serialising the memoirs of a former High Court Judge, was publishing in three days' time his own story as one of the instalments; and he knew that the publication would ruin him. His entreaties to the editor of the paper were rejected—not even the name, he was told, could be changed. In despair, he went in person to the High Court, asked to see a Master, and begged him to help in getting an interim injunction to stop publication until at least its propriety, and at best its legality, could be determined in court. It was lucky for him that he saw a Master of much experience and resource, for the facts were then telephoned to the retired Judge, who prevailed upon the editor, even at such short notice, to drop the story from the series.

Sir Harold Scott's book, which would have had its own dignified value with no crime stories at all, could well be taken to sanctify the whole sordid output of popularised murder reports. If it does, it may seem the more unfortunate that it is not even the work of some Detective Inspector Blank, fresh from an active part in the manhunts.

But this may be taken as a jibe. Sir Harold himself, writing of his appointment on the recommendation of Mr. Herbert Morrison, then Home Secretary, says that as permanent secretary at the Ministry of Aircraft Production and a former Chairman of the Prison Commission he "could not help wondering how a Civil Service chief would be viewed by the men of the biggest police force in the country." He need have had little misgiving. His appointment was a welcome break in the long line of generals and air marshals, and he takes away with him more rank-and-file goodwill than did most of his predecessors. He will be remembered with affection by his men, and deserves to be remembered with gratitude by the public. But it would be better if his book were forgotten.

C. H. Rolph

Socratics in Washington

A: The way I see it, my first duty as a citizen is whole-hearted support of my community.
B: You mean, of your society?
A: That's right.
B: Of your State?
A: Hey, what are you getting at? I recoil appalled. A State's not the same thing as a community or society, not the same thing at all.
B: Please will you tell me the difference?
A: Citizens of a community or society are clear-eyed-and-thinking individuals, loyally resolved in present emergency to sacrifice that degree of personal choice that will ensure ultimate liberty; such a decision, hard though it is to make, can be reached only by clear-eyed-and-thinking individuals, fully aware of their responsibilities and in conformity with their consciences.
B: That is the kind of citizen you are?
A: It is.
B: How does this differ from the kind of citizens one finds in a State?
A: The citizens of a State have subordinated their individual consciences to a monolithic megalithic structure. They do not know the meaning of liberty. We may, if we are brave enough, pity them, but we must not be misled into assuming that their conception of their duties as citizens is in any way commendable.
B: Are they very unhappy?
A: They may think they are happy, but they are not really.
B: What should their conception of their duties as citizens really be?
A: They should realise that their duties to mankind as a whole must take precedence over the demands of the State. By the light of their individual consciences they must examine the orders they receive and, if unjust, refuse to obey them. They must seek out like-minded citizens and work resolutely, if need be in peril of their own lives, to create a community in which clear-eyed-and-thinking citizens are prepared to sacrifice a degree of personal choice to the greater interests of the society as a whole.
B: Is it certain that examination of their consciences must lead them to this decision?
A: It is certain. There is only one kind of good conscience and this is it. A citizen of a State may be misled, may deliberately blind himself, or may sacrifice all else in his mad lust for power, according to his rank, but you can't tell me he doesn't know what's right.
B: How does the citizen of a State who places loyalty to State above higher duty to mankind as a whole know what he has done wrong?
A: We hang him for it.
B: And how does the citizen of a community or society who places higher duty to mankind as a whole above duty as citizen of community or society know that *he* has done wrong?
A: We electrocute him for it. But you've got the terms wrong. What he was placing wasn't duty to mankind as a whole but whole-hearted vowing to powers of evil.
B: Do mankind as a whole and powers of evil stand in the same kind of antithesis as community or society on the one hand and State on the other?
A: They do.
B: And is mankind synonymous with community or society—
A: —of clear-eyed-and-thinking citizens, yes.
B: —and powers of evil synonymous with State?
A: If monolithic and megalithic, yes, but not in the term State Department.
B: Do monolithic megalithic states equally execute those of their own side who place higher duty, etc., and those on the other side who remain loyal to own community or society?
A: They have near-sightedly created many martyrs in this manner.
B: I have read that in such States even to refrain from action is impermissible since such abstention is regarded as disloyal action. The citizen must impugn his conscience or accept martyrdom. Do we none the less require him to sacrifice his own life in order to escape subsequent hanging by us?
A: We do.
B: But we, on the other hand, can hardly expect clear-eyed-and-thinking citizens to take positive action against their consciences?
A: No positive action we ask *our* citizens to take *can* be against their consciences. To give you an example, to refrain from enthusiasm and thus diminish enthusiasm in others is an act of positive disloyalty.
B: Like not shouting Heil Hitler?
A: That's right. No, that's wrong. Listen, you've got to stick to first principles. Communities or societies are synonymous with the highest interests of mankind, in conformity with the dictates of the individual consciences, and no

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DOBSON

apparent sacrifice of the individual is really a sacrifice at all, because what serves the highest-interests-of is absolutely just, right and good. The other side's the opposite. You just keep that firmly in mind, and so long as we win, you'll be all right.

MARGHANITA LASKI

The Man in the Balloon

"I WOULDN'T say that mine has been an uneventful life, really," said Miss Gribble. Her voice was low-pitched and her manner gentle, so the nurse had some excuse for thinking that the remark was made in deprecation, even that it was a pathetic attempt to look on the bright side; and that was something that the nurse could do well herself.

"Oh, I'm sure it hasn't!" she answered cheerfully, "I expect you've seen quite a lot of life in your time, Miss Gribble!"

"But time is so short really, you know," said Miss Gribble.

The nurse smiled kindly, and there was no edge to her voice as she replied, "Oh, I don't know so much about *that,* Miss Gribble. Twenty-four hours feel like quite a long day to us, sometimes!"

Then she was gone, and Miss Gribble let herself slide out into that timeless doze which was now her life.

"Some of them are really interesting, you know," the nurse wrote in her weekly letter home. "It's surprising what places they've been to and what they've done. Old Mrs. Pritchard is our star baby just now. She was in Russia when the Revolution broke out (her husband actually talked to the Royal Family just before they were taken prisoner); she's been in Turkey too, and I don't know where. The poor old thing does love to tell us about it all. Even if you only believe half you hear, there's heaps to keep you going without bothering about the pictures; but of course, it doesn't do to take it all as Gospel. . . ."

Secure in her rest-period, the nurse went on writing home; while Miss Gribble slowly floated inshore again, and came to anchor in her high metal bed. Outside the window the sky was still a pale, cold blue, but there was a look of anxiety about the light. It was growing thinner, it was draining out of some small porous places in the sky; soon afternoon would dwindle into evening.

"Not tea yet?" asked Miss Gribble aloud, and then shook her head. It would not be tea for some time yet. She stretched out her legs and her feet, feeling for an uncrumpled part of the sheet. For a moment the coldness brought her a memory of the feeling of sea-water, of paddling, of the harsh, squeaking silk of sand under a child's bare feet. But it was too far off. It vanished.

Her hands lay outside the bedclothes and she began to pick at the sheet; she smiled. Perhaps if she imitated the action of the dying, she would begin to die? Sympathetic magic, they used to call it. Did she want to die? She shrugged her shoulders. She wanted nothing any more; not even tea; not even death.

Miss Gribble felt very happy as she thought of this; and what a fuss people used to make about this frame of mind. Old disputes, demolishing arguments: "Isn't it rather *negative*?" The remembered voice was familiar, but the face, the name of the speaker eluded her. Never mind. It must have been someone very positive, but in those days everyone was positive; she had been so herself. And about so many things! The education of children; which breed of dog was intelligent and which insupportable; what must be done to make everyone in the world happy, or good, or rich; who wrote good poetry, and even what good poetry was. She wriggled her comfortable toes and smiled again; what a great deal she knew in those days, and how many things interested her.

Was she bored now? Not at all. She had learned long ago, under tuition of some catastrophe, she couldn't remember which, that as long as one did not look ahead one could not become bored. It was safe to look back, or up or down or around; the only danger lay in looking ahead. Once you knew that, everything was all right. You never saw the Fiend, for he doesn't tread behind you at all; in front is the danger. Strange that Coleridge did not know that. Perhaps he was thinking of a different race of Fiends.

Her own voice came to her ears, "I wouldn't say that mine has been an uneventful life—" and the poor nurse had thought the remark was made to her, and she had been so kind about it. But, dear me! thought Miss Gribble, I suppose she would think my life dull. And yet . . .

Time does go past so quickly. Fifty-four years ago I married Peter. Fifty years ago I left him, and dug myself back into my old identity, not knowing that you could not start again. If the child had lived it would have been fifty-three by now. I should have a daughter, a grand-daughter, and probably a great-grand-daughter.

"Here's someone to see you, great-grand-mummy!" nurse would say; and she would feel so touched by that atrocious phrase that tears would be in her eyes, poor child; but she would be glad to believe me so happy. And yet I should not be any happier than I am now, scarcely indeed so happy, if it were like that. But that is not to belittle the anguish I felt when I lost the baby. Never, never belittle anguish; and never belittle joy or pleasure. Then they stay with you; and you can die very well.

Miss Gribble smoothed the sheet beneath her chin and closed her eyes. Behind their lids she saw several strange objects slipping past: a gleaming copper-kettle; a small, bright blue cat; a large and expensive crocodile-skin bag; four cherries. . . She wondered whether everyone saw such things when they first closed their eyes. It would not do to inquire now; that kind of question is treated as a wandering of the wits, when you are old and bedridden; questions must be asked, if ever, while you are still formidable, still young. And how far her brain had wandered then, when she was young! If anything is sad in old age, it is the little daily walks the brain takes; along the same little paths to the same pretty views, and back again. But why "sad," after all? Sometimes, even now, she could think again what she had astonished herself by thinking when she was young: when she was twenty, for instance. She remembered clearly the turn of the lane, the look of the white blossom along the hedge in front of her. She had thought then: "Perhaps a worm's-eye view is not really any more restricted than a god's-eye view. Perhaps—seeing as far as it can, all that is within its scope, and to scale—the worm sees exactly as much; no more and no less. The worm," she had thought, "sees as much as a god sees, or an eagle, or a man in the basket of a balloon."

Miss Gribble was delighted to have remembered this; and how pleasant and generous to have that lane and the white blossom thrown in as a make-weight. Such a long, leisurely lane it had seemed, going up and down, across two high ridges, and at last, as a grass-track merely, leading right to the edge of the sea.

The astonishing thought led her on and on: for supposing that the worm really did see as much as the eagle, or the man in a balloon, then perhaps this was an example of a universal Law. Perhaps every man and woman alive had the same totality of happiness, hardship, sorrow, pleasure; and when one flinched from the sight of a blind beggar, or of a rich old gentleman who collected valuable pictures, painted by artists who had died unrecognised—perhaps one was troubling oneself about nothing, and the beggar had as much pleasure from his street-corner cup of tea as the rich old gentleman had from whatever he was drinking that afternoon. But here—just as it had done when she was twenty—a sharp, rebellious bramble, trailing from the smooth hedge bordering her walk, whipped round her ankle and nearly brought her down. The dead artists—what about them? They, one must remember, one could never for long forget, they died unrecognised. How was the equal justice demonstrated there?

But she had been twenty then. Now she was old, she was bedridden, she was past the time for bothering, and she would not bother.

Her eyes were still closed. She turned her attention to the little colour-pictures which went on tirelessly, passing across the screen behind her eyelids. The head of a chessman, the black knight; a small, rolling object, darkish grey and shining, with a round bright eye—a seal, perhaps? It was gone before she could be sure; and there was immediately a very ugly brass lamp wearing a pink silk shade; and then the round, vacant, good-natured face of a Beefeater, and his gold-laced chest. . . . Miss Gribble laughed.

"Were you having pleasant dreams?" A young probationer had brought her tea, and after putting down the tray she stood for a moment beside the bed, "You always do seem so cheerful, Miss Gribble," she said timidly, "I think it's wonderful, I do, really."

In the two or three seconds between the girl's entry and her remark, Miss Gribble had slipped her moorings again and was moving rather fast out to sea. But she hauled back with an effort, and opened her eyes; meeting an earnest, gentle regard.

"I am very comfortable," she said, finding it difficult to speak aloud; but she gathered her wits carefully and added with scarcely a pause, "And that is really very much like being happy, when you are old."

But the girl looked taken aback, and Miss Gribble strove to hold to the shore long enough to make herself intelligible. She understood that the girl was afraid; afraid that she might be made suddenly unbearably sorry for this poor old woman, so lonely, so near death, who had had, seemingly, so little life. But once she knew how it really was, she would not be afraid at all.

Miss Gribble cleared her throat, put out her hand and took the child's scrubbed paw in a firm grasp. "I have had a wonderful life," she said clearly, "and it is still wonderful. It goes on hour by hour, you know. I am most comfortable. Thank you for my delicious tea."

With her free hand the girl poured out a cup of tea, and the old woman's clasp relaxed. She let her hand lie on the coverlet and did not notice that her fingers began to fret the sheet. She forgot the young nurse, and yielded herself to the slow pull of the tide that drew her outwards again. But, from her good will and wish to reassure, she went on speaking; such mysterious words that, by reason of that alone perhaps, they did bring reassurance to the girl who listened.

"I have experienced everything, really," said Miss Gribble's gentle voice, "and whether I was the worm, or the god, or the man in the balloon doesn't matter. It amounts to the same thing. But I like to think of myself as the man in the balloon."

VALENTINE ACKLAND

The Alabaster Chancellor

STANDING at the rostrum in the Bundestag, Dr. Konrad Adenauer might be the carved figure on a medieval tombstone. The body is rigid in its stiff raiment; the hands and the deeply wrinkled face are the colour of alabaster worn smooth by the years. Here is the graven image of episcopal austerity. But meet the German Chancellor at his charming home, among the vineyards of the Drachenfels across the river from Bonn, and he gives a very different impression. After receiving his visitors at the wooden gate on the road, he bounds up the fifty-four steep steps to his front door and leaves them panting through the rose garden behind him. Exactly the same age as Sir Winston, he still has perfect hearing and eyesight, and not one grey hair on his head. Capable of working 14 hours at a stretch, he has never heard a colleague suggest that he is past his best. Sir Winston is a youthful spirit in an ageing body. Dr. Adenauer is an ancient who has preserved his physical vigour and his mental faculties by abstemious self-discipline. He is a superb example not of the golden but of the silver mean, a personality which never wears out because it has never exceeded its narrow limitations.

These limitations arise from four factors—his birth, his creed, his profession, and his political convictions. By birth he is a Rhinelander convinced that civilisation ends at the Roman *limes*, and feeling more kinship with the French within that *limes* than with the Prussian beyond it. By religious faith, he is a Catholic with a social philosophy which holds that the *Rechtstaat* (the rule of law) is threatened by social revolution or social reform from any quarter. By profession, he is a Burgomaster, with a determination, very rare in Germans, to uphold the civil authority against the military power. By political conviction, he is a true (German) conservative who believes that democracy is only tolerable if it is managed by conscientious men ready to use any means, however unscrupulous, to defeat the Left.

On two occasions Sir Winston has compared Dr. Adenauer with Bismarck; but if he wants an apt comparison he will find one nearer home, in a notable Lord Mayor of Birmingham. Like Neville Chamberlain, Dr. Adenauer is a provincial paragon of all the domestic virtues—except generosity and humility. Like him, he was elevated late in life to national politics, and has never discarded his provincialism. Son of a minor official, he got his first big job in the Cologne Rathaus in 1906, when he was 30. At the outbreak of the first World War he remained a civilian and became Burgomaster in 1917 under Kaiser Wilhelm the Second. In Germany, a Burgomaster combines the political functions of the Lord Mayor with all the executive powers of the Town Clerk. Beside administering the City, young Adenauer was a prominent member of the Catholic Centre Party, and when the collapse came in 1918, he showed much more sympathy for French separatism than for the British Occupation Forces. Despite this, he held his job, and in the 16 years before 1933 he did for Cologne all, and more than all, that Neville Chamberlain did for Birmingham. Like Chamberlain, he also began to display a streak of self-righteous egotism which made him the terror of his colleagues as well as his opponents. The Rathaus became the seat of a disinterested but ruthless personal autocracy, and the headquarters of a battle against all Socialist ideas. When the Nazi menace arose, Adenauer opposed it not merely for its pan-Germanism and anti-Semitism but because he saw Hitler as a social revolutionary. In 1933, he retired to his house in Röhndorf and, apart from two short periods of arrest, lived there comfortably on his pension until the American First Army nominated him as the first Burgomaster of liberated—and devastated—Cologne. At once Adenauer began to rebuild his personal autocracy. When the British took over, Mil. Gov. resented his methods and dismissed him for "incompetence," an insult which he has never forgotten.

But the dismissal was the making of his career, since it forced him out of local into national politics. He at once set about the task of building a new Centre Party, but wisely brought in the Protestants to form a united Christian front in the C.D.U. To this task, in the peculiar conditions of Western Germany, he was admirably suited. The dogmatism and meanness with which Neville Chamberlain fought the opponents of appeasement were resented and finally led to his downfall. Employed in Bonn, they have engendered respect for the leader who has fashioned the C.D.U. into the instrument of his personal will. Moreover, Adenauer's political creed fitted precisely with the requirements of American policy. At home, his aim has been a restoration not of the Weimar Republic but of the pre-1914 social order—economic free enterprise buttressed by a paternal bureaucracy. At a time when British Conservatives had to compromise with Socialist ideals, it pleased the Americans to find a German politician who conscientiously handed back to Big Business the powers it had lost, and gave capitalism the chance to show what it could do when primed with dollars. In international politics also his objectives fitted American requirements. Along with M. Schuman in Paris, and Signor De Gasperi in Rome, Adenauer became the architect of a United States of Europe formed in the image of the U.S. and in close alliance with it.

When the Korean crisis broke out, and Mr. Acheson announced that American strategy demanded the formation of a German national army, the Chancellor was genuinely horrified. A German army would weaken his own authority in the State, and stimulate the pan-German nationalism which he has, all his life, disliked. It was Adenauer, anxious to consolidate the alliance of the French and the German Right against Socialism and Communism, who per-

suaded the Americans to switch their support to E.D.C. The separatist of 1918 still feels that he is leaving civilisation whenever he crosses the Elbe. If the result of integrating the Federal Republic into a United States of Western Europe could be the permanent partition of Germany, he would only sleep easier for that.

No wonder the esteem of the German Chancellor stands high in Washington and in London. Here it seems, by providential dispensation, is a German statesman who sincerely desires Franco-German reconciliation, and is prepared to sacrifice the unification of his own country for that ideal. It is literally true that, without Adenauer, the whole elaborate structure of the Schuman Plan and E.D.C. would fall apart.

And that, of course, is the trouble. For five years Dr. Adenauer has distorted the natural interests and ambitions of the German people into the rigid framework of Western European integration and Atlantic strategy. He has been able to do so, thanks partly to his own ruthless political skill, partly to the indecisiveness and weakness of his Socialist opponents in Germany, and of the French Assembly, partly to the backing given him by London and Washington, but above all by employing one unanswerable argument—his own indispensability. Here, after all, we can find some relevance in Sir Winston's repeated comparison of the German Chancellor with Bismarck. Bismarck, too, tried to confine the natural aspirations of the German people within a rigid and reactionary framework of his own devising. He succeeded in creating an artificial German State after his own image; but after he fell, no one else could control the system he had devised, and Germany lurched into World War I.

The Adenauer system is proving itself unworkable even while he still rules in the Chancellery. In order to keep the Socialists out, he has accepted the extreme Right as members of his Coalition, allotted key places in the Civil Service to Nazis and to Nazi fellow-travellers and permitted the Ruhr Barons to regain all their economic power. All these forces tolerated his European ideas (though they secretly regarded them as mumbo-jumbo) so long as those ideas and the man who personified them were useful for persuading the British and Americans to end the Occupation. Once sovereignty is granted, they will not long tolerate the limitations on German aggrandisement in which the Chancellor still believes.

Adenauer is not ashamed that he has earned the nickname "Grandmother of all the foxes," but when he won his overwhelming electoral triumph of September, 1953, he foxed himself. In order to gain the Nationalist vote, he himself voiced the demand for a policy of strength and the liberation of the lost provinces. With that declaration he surrendered to the forces he had tried to restrain. The autocrat had become the prisoner of his crew. Among the shoals of Western Occupation, Adenauer steered a skilful course. But now that the open sea is just ahead, this pilot too will be dropped, if he hugs the shore and refuses to sail before the fresh pan-German wind.

The Arts and Entertainment

CHELTENHAM

A FOREIGNER dropping into leafy Cheltenham last week for the four Hallé concerts might have found some difficulty in specifying the "tendencies" of contemporary British music. Not until the last night, when all the new works had been heard, was a possible clue vouchsafed. Then Sir John Barbirolli conducted a memorial performance of the Fifth Symphony of Arnold Bax, which was completed in 1932; and as the ornate bath filled to the brim with richly scented hot water, and overflowed, and at last glug-glugged to a noisy conclusion, we began to see that, however little Messrs. Whettam and Bate and Fricker and Hoddinott might have in common, they all belonged, consciously or unconsciously, to the "Never Again" Society. Never again, we can imagine them saying to themselves in their teens, shall British music become so soggy and shapeless as this: whatever we may do, we will not wallow in easy sentiment, or saunter down the path of least resistance. As though determined on utter impartiality, Cheltenham did in fact offer one piece of naive and insipid sentimentality; but the four composers named above, for all their differences, were alike in their respect for shapeliness and clarity.

One of them, Graham Whettam, who was born in 1927, does not fear to be thought a romantic. Some months ago a symphony of his was heard on the air, and I recall having been impressed at the outset of each movement by the composer's ability to create a pregnant atmosphere, though each thereafter showed a tendency to become stagnant. The Viola Concerto which we heard at Cheltenham, commissioned and finely played by Harry Danks, was not wholly free from the same fault; but it was none the less an attractive piece of work. Whettam evidently possesses a delicate ear, and in this work the sensuous melancholy of his temperament is balanced and as it were corrected by delightfully lucid scoring. Though we feel the strong influence of Elgar and Walton (the former in a cadenza accompanied by tremolo strings, the latter in a number of rapid, jagged passages), yet a true voice emerges, and one which I shall be glad to hear again.

Stanley Bate is an experienced composer, better known in America than here. His third symphony, written in 1940 when he was 27, has had a long time to wait for its first performance. It is a vigorous, confident work of clear outline; among his three distinguished teachers, the influence of Vaughan Williams is the most perceptible (it shows in certain melodic outlines and in a tendency towards modal harmony), and we catch an echo of Hindemith in dialectic passages for woodwind; but the third, Nadia Boulanger, seems, in this work, to have left no trace. Whether because the Symphony is a youthful work, or merely because I am unfamiliar with the rest of the composer's output, I must admit that I was impressed rather by his competence than by his individuality.

The youngest of the newcomers was Alun Hoddinott, a Welshman of 24 whose Concerto for Clarinet and Strings was written four years ago. For one so young it is an amazingly assured piece of work. The harmonic range and feeling for string sonority are not unlike those of Lennox Berkeley. The first movement, with arpeggio themes which now and then diverge by a semitone from the expected note, is a particularly happy combination of wit and lyrical feeling. A tender Arioso is followed by a final Burlesco which, for all its high spirits, does not quite succeed in the difficult task of making clarinet capers say anything fresh. The performance by Gervase de Peyer was highly accomplished.

To have persistently encouraged the work of the promising young instead of relying on established names is the main distinction of the Cheltenham Festival. Four years ago, the performance of a remarkable First Symphony drew general attention to the talent of Racine Fricker; since then, he has been recognised as the most gifted English composer of his generation. A sensationally beautiful account of his Second Violin Concerto (Rapsodia Concertante) was given this year by the young French violinist, Christian Ferras. Listening to the wonderful quality of his harmonics in the cadenza-variations which form Fricker's second movement, to his brilliant attack in the finale, and indeed to his intensely musical phrasing and tone throughout the work, one could almost have supposed that the composer had written with this quality and style in mind, though in fact it was another violinist who gave the work its first performance in Rome last April. Despite its subtitle, it is a true concerto, almost a display piece, though intensely serious in mood. We have not previously associated Fricker with the Viennese school; but the unusual and successful structure of the first movement, with its two interpolated march sections, one grotesque and one tragic, is reminiscent of Mahler, and in the eloquent final pages of this movement there is something of the brooding poetry of Berg's Violin Concerto. Whether or not a serial technique is being used (and that is something I should never pretend to discern by ear), the harmonic idiom approaches closer than before to equality between the twelve notes of the scale. Unlike his recent

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Piano Concerto, the work seems to mark a notable advance in Fricker's artistic development.

Alan Rawsthorne's Second String Quartet, introduced at Cheltenham by the Griller Quartet, and repeated by them last Sunday at the Wigmore Hall, is a euphonious work which delights the ear but remains curiously elusive and enigmatic in mood. Each of its four movements trails off into silence, as though the composer were slipping away from us into further reaches of solitary thought. It struck me as the most personal and the most interesting of his recent works.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

CAMERAS AND LIES

THE Combined Societies Exhibitions of International Photography at the Whitechapel Gallery is a lively show of all types of photographs from close-ups of spaniels to Cartier Bresson's pictures of a fiesta in Spain. The aim of the exhibition, in contrast to that of the usual academic salon, is to hold an "open assembly" with an emphasis on individual character rather than on the rules of any particular technical or aesthetic theory. On a placard at the door the following sentence is quoted from the American photographer, Ansel Adams: "That photography, next to the printed word, instructs, interprets, clarifies and modulates opinion more than any other medium of expression; and therefore is deserving of attention and respect equal to that accorded painting, literature, music and architecture."

This quotation and the exhibition itself force one to think back to first principles. No one can deny the first part of the sentence. The second part needs qualification. Photography may deserve as much or more respect as painting or literature, but it is essentially a different sort of activity. A photograph may be framed like a drawing, or a collection of photographs may be bound in a book, but the difference remains. Literature and painting are concerned with recording the artists' *experience* of an event. Photography is concerned with recording a selected aspect of *the event itself*. The camera intercepts images; the paint brush or the pen reconstructs them.

Indeed, it is from this distinction that the whole impact of photography springs. The belief that "the camera cannot lie" is not so irrelevantly naive as is sometimes thought. Of course, there is trick photography, but either the trick is seen through as a trick, or else it convinces and one reacts, as one reacts to all straightforward photographs, on the assumption that "this actually happened, that for one split second, allowing for comparatively unimportant mechanical distortions, this was actually the appearance of the scene." And that assumption is fundamental. If one suspects that the camera is lying, the photograph will lose nearly all its power to move or interest.

There is, however, a great difference between "not lying" and telling the truth. Isolated facts, as we all know through the abuse of statistics, are not necessarily the truth. The truth depends upon understanding the development and relationship between facts. And it is precisely here that the outstanding photographer has his chance to prove himself. The truth is always dynamic: the photograph is bound to be static—the record of a frozen split second. The outstanding photographer, by his choice of that split second, selects an aspect of his subject that implies continuity, implies cause and effect and so comments on the truth; the poor photographer simply isolates a fragment—visually the result may be either startling or dull but it will have as little meaning as recording the answer Yes or No without recording the question that preceded it.

All this may seem obvious enough, but it is necessary to say it in order to counter two frequent illusions. The first of these is that technical skill is the primary virtue: that the perfectly *taken* photograph is automatically the perfect photograph. And the second is that the process of isolation is somehow "exciting" in itself. This leads to pictures which have a bizarre shock appeal and nothing more. At Whitechapel, for instance, there is a magnified close-up of rain drops running down the side of a car. In front of it one is surprised rather as though one were told exactly how many grains of sand there were on a beach. But surely that is ingenuity wasted?

The pictures one remembers are those which—to put the whole issue very simply—tell a true story. Cartier Bresson at the bull ring in Pamplona, Inge Morath satirical in Mayfair, Michael Peto in a London slum, Fulvio Roiter talking to an Italian miner, Jean Marquis attending a strike meeting in France.

JOHN BERGER

LOOK AND LISTEN

AT the moment of writing, it looks as though, quite suddenly, a drastic change has been made in the presentation of *Television News*. For four evenings, at any rate, the all-too-rigid still picture has disappeared, and the news has actually been illustrated by film-shots of the day's events. It is too early to comment on the change and its results, and it would be unfair to do so on the strength of only two programmes; but I propose to return to the whole subject of news on television in my next article.

How nice it would be if a similar drastic change could take place in the Television Service's presentation of the old news that has got into the history books! I have been looking once again at the programme called *You Are There*, "televised by arrangement with C.B.S. Television," *i.e.*, it earns dollars. We were privileged to see the trial of King Charles I in what appeared a remarkably tatty Westminster Hall: Mr. Alan Wheatley made a graceful Charles, Mr. Marius Goring scowled admirably as Cromwell, and one's heart bled for them both, for the programme resounded with falsity. The falsity was unavoidable, for the whole idea behind the series is a false one. We are to suppose that the historical event in question is being reported by correspondents of the present day, that it is taking place in the full glare of publicity, and that the correspondents can at any moment interview the historical figures taking part in it. The idea would be acceptable as the convention of a programme only if it were a fact that the great events of our own day were made public in the same manner, if the television cameras and the news correspondents could butt in as they wished, for example, at the Geneva conference and put M. Mendès-France, M. Molotov and Mr. Eden on the spot with impunity. We know they cannot; *You Are There* is based on a thoroughly romantic notion of the omnipotence of the press and radio; it has no more reality than a cub-reporter's day-dream.

True, the convention has worked from time to time in sound broadcasting, and indeed *You Are There* is nothing more than a sound programme filmed. It would probably be less unconvincing on sound alone; for as soon as you get the actor in period costume and the voice of the modern interviewer together all hope of illusion has gone and what might be just acceptable on sound alone becomes gloriously silly. In this recent programme the peak point in silliness was reached when the invisible commentator, looking round Westminster Hall, said, "I can see Mr. John Milton, one of our distinguished poets." He then promptly proceeded to interview Mr. John Milton. Mr. John Milton, with that uncanny ability to anticipate the political slogans of three centuries ahead which is the distinguishing mark of the distinguished poet, opined that the trouble with King Charles was that he would not recognise the world had entered a new age, "the age of the common man."

Now I don't for a moment wish to minimise the difficulties involved in any attempt to reconstruct the past: we have the historical novel permanently with us as a reminder of the difficulties. Nor do I greatly mind if the United States is prepared to pay good dollars to see corny stuff of a kind that one had hoped Mr. Stephen Potter's satires had killed stone dead, though I don't see why we in England should have it inflicted on us. What does worry me is that when historical reconstruction is essayed the Television Service immediately loses all sense of taste, all sense of the dignity of the subject, all sense even of the quality of the story being told.

For weeks now I have been haunted and fascinated by memories of what must be the most vulgar programme ever screened even by the Television Service. Illness prevented me from commenting on it at the time, and I make no apology for returning to it now because it represents something that seems endemic in British television. It was called, perhaps permissibly, *The Peat Bog Murder Mystery*: it was based on Tollund Man, whose perfectly preserved two-thousand-year-old body, with the noose that strangled him still round his neck, was found in a bog in Denmark some years ago. We were shown Tollund Man, and his noble head and face, almost unbearably moving to see now, rebuked the tastelessness of the programme.

Impossible, almost, to imagine a more superb theme for a television programme. It called for a poet, perhaps, to do it justice, but, lacking a poet, someone with some feeling of natural piety, of reverence for mystery, would have done. What did we get? The spectacle of Sir Mortimer Wheeler and Dr. Glyn Daniel attempting to eat a meal prepared from ingredients similar to those found in Tollund Man's stomach. How Sir Mortimer and Dr. Daniel, who are presumably sensitive as well as learned men, could have lent their support to a programme almost blasphemous in its flippancy and its disregard of a decent attitude towards the remote past, I cannot pretend to know. The bottom was touched when we were shown the clothes worn in Northern Europe fifteen hundred years earlier than Tollund Man, presented in terms, of all things, of a modern fashion parade with an unseen lady commentator.

The interesting and alarming thing is that the producer and the experts taking part in the programme were intelligent men. Yet, given this splendid story, which cried out for treatment at the highest level of imaginative seriousness, they

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insulted us in this way. Why? The only charitable explanation is that they felt the breath of three million viewers hot on their necks and were seized with funk. Funk produces a travesty of a television service.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Dial M for Murder," at Warner's
"Seagulls Over Sorrento," at the Empire
"Beautiful Stranger," at the Leicester Square

The new Hitchcock film, *Dial M for Murder*, was to have been in 3-D, but with the tide going out so fast, it has thrown away depth and spectacles and comes to us as plain Hitchcock. I don't know that this makes very much difference, though looking back I think some of the many close-ups and movements in a small space may have lost something. What is a pity is that a medium that might well have drawn fresh tension from our old master of it no longer holds the field; and goodness knows how long we shall have to wait before 3-D *without* spectacles turns up.

Dial M for Murder is good enough to be going on with; in fact, rather more than that. It comes from a play and uses stage methods of building up a situation. But from the first shot—an enormous glimpse of the M on a telephone dial—the emphasis is the cinema's. Hitchcock uses the already existing rhythm of acts and scenes to create a slow tension of his own. An ex-tennis-star decides to murder his rich wife; with that object he has grown more attentive; she, all unsuspicious, regrets the lover she has taken. One evening she will have to stay alone in their flat, the telephone will ring, and as she answers it someone will step out from the double curtains and strangle her from behind. Who? A shady old school chum has been picked out for the job; and the first "act," as it were, consists largely of the struggle of wills between these two, with blackmail and £1,000 in cash winning the day. He will be there, the hired agent, on such and such a night, to step out from the curtains. The husband, of course, having made the phone call, will hang on.

Hitchcock magnifies the whole thing, giving a Strindbergian edge to the dialogue between the two men, one relentlessly suave, the other foxily nervous, making the walls claustrophobic, giving lights and furniture their ominous importance. We encounter this blood-curdling plot face to face; and then—the turn of the screw—when the thing's settled and only details have to be filled in, movements rehearsed, the camera imparts a chandelier view of proceedings. It may only be the free translation of stage ingenuities, but it's first-rate Hitchcock.

So the perfect murder gets under way; and I needn't go on to Acts II and III, except to say that only one more vital character is added, and that within the limitations of a thriller, the characters convince. Ray Milland achieves a smug duplicity all politicians will envy, Anthony Dawson, as his tool, quietly horrifies, an apparently guileless Inspector (John Williams) soon tightens up, and if Grace Kelly and Robert Cummings, as the wife and the lover, lack substance a little, that is the shortcoming of a piece that must sacrifice character for situation. The adaptation was made by Frederick Knott from his own play, and is—I am assured by those who have seen both—an improvement on it.

Seagulls Over Sorrento has been changed from "uproarious comedy" to the semi-documentary thrills of a new torpedo that blows up those who are testing it and rather stilted humour of the two-deep variety, with Americans intervening. Gene Kelly, as an expert in thermo-dynamics, succeeds—for all it's worth—in being a sailor very much *not* on the town. In *Beautiful Stranger*—another of those Riviera crook affairs—poor Ginger Rogers tries looking bright, and being heartbroken, and hanging over cliff edges; but is it worth it? Oughtn't there to be a Society for the Protection of American Film Stars in British Films?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"La Esmeralda," at the Royal Festival Hall

Anton Dolin has opened his season of popular ballet with a bold flourish. He is presenting *La Esmeralda*, a dramatic three-act ballet based on *Notre-Dame de Paris*, originally composed by Jules Perrot with music by Pugni. This work, first presented in London, has been retained in the repertoire of the Russian ballet since Fanny Elssler made her famous farewell in 1850. In the new production Nicolas Beriosoff has composed the choreography in the classical convention; but unassisted by the dismal score, his work as a whole lacks imagination. In Natalie Krassovska as Esmeralda he has a fine dramatic artist: she displays a brown wildness that is both exciting and alluring, while her dancing has assured poise. The trouble is that she is miserably supported by her three lovers—miserably so far as any passion goes. Certainly the prim atmosphere of her bed-sit is not conducive to licentious love. One feels that Messrs. Gilpin, Dolin and Briansky, who play the suitors, would be far happier to receive a cup of tea and a Bourbon biscuit than the violent emotions of Miss Krassovska, repelling or encouraging their advances on a 2ft. 6in. divan. This ballet is a heavily ridiculous drama in the operatic style, a convention that can still be entertaining and even moving if boldly played. But only Keith Beckett as the hunchback was able to match Miss Krassovska in vitality. The decor, by Nicola Benois, is clumsily medieval. On Monday the chief roles were taken over by Nora Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky. Miss Kovach is a fine Esmeralda and her technique has a generosity and brio unmatched in this country. Mr. Rabovsky was severely handicapped by his pirouettes, for he appeared to be so pleased with them that any other considerations of harmony, phrasing or artistry were swept aside.

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Correspondence

YOUTH AND CHURCH

SIR,—Mervyn Stockwood's article "Youth and Church" provides some interesting food for thought. The renewed interest of young people—and, I think, of many older people too—in religion is quite marked, and the fact that it has not taken on the proportions of an emotionally-toned "revival" is in itself a good sign. It is not, I believe, very largely based on escapism in any crude sense, though it may be argued that it reflects an escape not *from*, but *to* reality. Not fear of the H-Bomb, but disillusionment with the secular utopias of the 'thirties has much to do with this, leading in many cases no doubt to the disappearance of arbitrary barriers of anti-religious prejudice.

As a member of the Council of the Buddhist Society, I can testify to the fact that it is not the Christian churches alone which benefit from this renewed interest. The extraordinary rise of interest in Buddhism and kindred religious philosophies is one of the most striking features of the post-war period, as witness the truly amazing flow of new members into this society and the formation of Buddhist groups in the provinces. Doubtless the rational and practical aspects of Buddhism appeal to those whose religious sense has been awakened, but who are impatient or sceptical of traditional theology—certainly the enormous sales of Christmas Humphreys's Pelican on Buddhism (well over 100,000) are significant of something!

Another feature which strikes me is the great interest being shown by youth clubs, both Christian and Jewish, in other religions: many of these have recently been inviting speakers on Buddhism, Vedanta, Islam and so on, in a way which was unheard of a few years ago. This shows a healthy recognition of that which all religions have in common, in contrast to traditional bigotry, and this aspect of the matter is reflected in the admirable work of the World Congress of Faiths.

The new interest in religion, whether Christian or otherwise, shows itself at all levels, and I think it must be admitted that Billy Graham, despite his theological crudities and his political gaffes, does nevertheless represent a marked improvement on the old-style revivalist: some at least of those whom he has sent back to church will, doubtless, come into contact with more enlightened minds and be led on to something better. The opportunity is there for religious leaders of all persuasions—it is up to them to take it.

14 Lyndhurst Road, N.W.3. M. O'C. WALSHE

LONDON LABOUR PARTY

SIR,—An important question of principle concerning the constitution of the Labour Party is raised by the London Regional Conference on German rearmament which, as London M.P.s, we attended last Saturday. Under its strange classification as a Borough Labour Party, the London Labour Party has a vote at Annual Conference. Yet under another classification, presumably as a regional organisation, it is not allowed to discuss national issues at its own annual meeting. How, then, is its delegate to reflect at Scarborough the views of London on German rearmament? One would have thought that a delegate conference like last Saturday's, called specially to discuss this question, would have provided an ideal opportunity for mandating the delegate. Yet when it was proposed from the floor that a motion should be put to establish the views of the meeting, this was rejected by the platform. Can it be that the platform was afraid, in view of the trend of the discussion, that the vote would be overwhelmingly hostile to German rearmament? Whatever the reason, it is surely intolerable that the London Labour Party's vote should be cast on this issue in September without its constituent parties having a right to instruct their delegates how to vote.

LENA M. JEGER
BEN PARKIN
House of Commons. LESLIE PLUMMER

"CHANGE IS OUR ALLY"

SIR,—For some mysterious reason Mr. Ormsby-Gore, replying to Mr. Strachey, has introduced Christian Socialism as if it were a peculiar variety of Socialism likely to be more in sympathy with untrammelled capitalist control of industry than with Mr. Strachey's Socialism.

The earliest group termed "Christian Socialist"—Maurice, Kingsley, etc.—were perhaps not fully Socialist in the later sense; nor was any other body at the time. The first modern Socialist organisation in this country, religious or secular, was the Guild of St. Matthew, from which the present Socialist Christian League is directly descended. It was formed in 1877, and from then onwards Christian Socialism has been, economically, just Socialism; including Socialists, Fabians, "Scientifics," or what have you, in its ranks; but with a natural tendency to the Left because concerned with a revolution in the ethical basis of society and industry, rather than with mere easing of social conditions.

The Christian Socialist certainly recognises the inadequacy of "scientific" Socialism by itself; for it has this affinity with Science, that it answers only the question "How—?", never "Why—?"; it is without basic motive or purpose, and its only associated philosophy boils down to "dust thou art; to dust

thou shalt return," or man does not ultimately matter. It thus easily becomes the victim of party or clique, class, State or power group, and its destination may be anywhere—Moscow, Munich, or even Wall Street. Christian Socialism, on the other hand, is for the purpose of the Divine Commonwealth; its basis is the primary value and ultimate importance of Man. Thus Christian Socialism, and it alone reliably, stands for man and for humanity.

How this, of all movements, can be imagined to have any affinity with the very obvious purposes of "Change is Our Ally" passes understanding.

CHARLES RECORD

3 Beechenlea Lane,
Swanley, Kent.

SIR,—Mr. Ormsby-Gore writes of "Mr. Strachey's pre-war mind." Pre- which war? The trouble with the authors of *Change is Our Ally* is that they are dreaming of a return to the methods and mind of pre-1914.

JOHN STRACHEY

THE NEWEST NOVELS

SIR,—As a young novelist who has been "discovered" every year for the past four years and yet has only just managed to stagger into print, along with Colin Murry I read Mr. Priestley's article with great interest.

We fought in that last war. Now we are clerks, teachers, script-writers, even bus conductors. At the moment, I personally am selling glacé cherries by the ten-ton lot. If I could see my way to get by until a week on Tuesday, it would be something of a shock. Friday evening and the typewriter is what I aim at. I have in my circuit of professions encountered one or two other young writers and the odd mid-thirty-year-old novelist.

So far, society, our society, has shovelled us about much as it cared to. We were offered up as cannon-fodder, then sent off to University. Now we can remain as peaceful form-fillers, income-tax payers, semi-private individuals, pending some other State idiocy or perhaps hydrogen obliteration.

Against all this, in the art we interest ourselves about, what do we face? Victoriana; fringe-haired twenties; "young poets" of the sports-car thirties. Mr. Priestley striding the Yorkshire tea-parties of good old Edwardia. In this age of T.V. and Mach numbers, the NEW STATESMAN panning Science Fiction.

Yesterday I sat on some Brighton pebbles, a tar-free area. There were seagulls, and fish and chips, and a Supermarine Swift knocking seven hundred miles, near-so, above Palace Pier. The day before I went up the flow-gently Thames. A gaggle of helicopters puttered about, and a police launch sought some middle-age suicide victim.

Quite where Mr. Priestley's "reality" exists, I am not at all sure.

253 Pinner Road, PETER CROWCROFT
Harrow.

SIR,—I was born in the first world war. I was brought up on Mr. Priestley and other—if they will excuse the expression—Left-wing "denouncers." Between the wars, there was plenty to denounce; what with slumps, slums, sumptuousness and a steady two million unemployed always before one's eyes. Socialism in this period was a dream-like aim, and anyone who denied its inevitable rightness was denounced by people who could not take a walk without examples of disproportionate injustice under their very noses. One could spit at Imperialism and capitalism in those days knowing it would be proceeded by a cheer. I can remember books by Ethel Mannin, Cronin, Brody, dos Passos, Sinclair, etc., etc., all showing man's inhumanity to man and telling us in simple slogans how Socialism would change all that. (During this period there never was any social reform, though.) Came the war. Came war aims. Came the desire for a brave new world—what better than the international one of Socialism? It did not matter where one went during the war—all discussions were dominated by Socialist thought; one might say, were encouraged. Mr. Priestley and his in-between-war authors found their ideas popular, fashionable. Where in peace time they were a damn lot of Reds and bolshies, they were now called democrats and fighters for freedom, etc. They propagated something worthwhile to fight for. ("They" could hardly ask us to fight to preserve the pre-war years!) But as Mr. Priestley well knows, "they" allowed you to go just so far—even so, it was far enough to see a Labour Government in to power . . .

Well, we have got the Welfare State, and with it the "age of acquiescence" has come into its own. Maybe Mr. Priestley could tell published authors what to denounce. My writings denounce. I suspect that is why I remain unpublished.

114 Tennyson Avenue, L. JAMES ROBINSON
Motspur Park, Surrey.

SCOTCH

SIR,—Mr. Vallance's article on Scotch whisky is most interesting, and his plea for the greater availability of fine single malt whiskies will be welcomed by those who have been privileged to taste any great old single unblended spirit—whether it be Scotch or Irish whisky, brandy or rum.

He is wrong, however, in stating that quotas have been removed from home consumption supplies of Scotch whisky. At present only 30 per cent. of 1939-40 consumption is sold by the D.C.L. group and many of the blenders outside it. If unlimited quantities could be bought, it is doubtful if the demand now would reach 50 per cent. of pre-war.

But this should be considered in relation to the home market consumption of all spirits. Gin has of course by far the biggest sale. Unlike whisky, brandy and rum, it is made from any spirit which can be rectified and it does not need maturing in casks but is usually bottled and sold as it comes from the stills. Most of the gin sold here is also made by members of the D.C.L. group, and it is surely reasonable to conclude that, while the export market for Scotch whisky is growing, it may well pay them better to encourage the sale of their gin at only 1/8d. per bottle less than standard blends of Scotch whisky. If ever they want to increase the sales of Scotch whisky on the home market, the D.C.L., controlling the production and sale of most of the spirits consumed here, can by advertising and other means switch the demand as between whisky and gin to suit their stocks and profits.

The post-war generation has had little opportunity to acquire a taste for any spirit other than gin. The standard whisky blends are still not easy to buy and the standard blends of brandy are expensive. In spite of enormous advertising, the standard blends of rum do not seem to be increasing in popularity; and the proportion of the population who have ever had a chance of tasting the finest products of the distiller's art decreases daily, for it is now practically impossible to buy fine unblended whisky, brandy or rum anywhere.

Old Vicarage, Boley Hill, R. E. H. GUNYON
Rochester, Kent.

"A CASE OF BOWDLERISATION"

SIR,—In your issue of April 10th, Mr. R. H. S. Crossman reviewed *The Answers of Ernst von Salomon*. I was abroad at the time and this review has only recently been brought to my notice.

Mr. Crossman says that our edition of the book represents "a case of bowdlerisation," and seems to imply that our abridgment of the original is some kind of political plot. The omission of a notice that the book had been abridged was a mistake for which we are responsible. The abridgment itself, however, was in no way an attempt to "angle" the book. It was simply a necessary step to deal with the two worst problems confronting the publisher who produces such a vast and important book in English. These problems were (1) the British laws of libel; and (2) the necessity of producing the book at a manageable length and a rational price. Mr. Crossman, in his review, feigns ignorance that such problems exist.

His review questions the insertion of one sentence. "Moreover, a few pages earlier, when von Salomon is describing the effect on the court of a letter from Rathenau's mother, the English version, not content with excision, actually improves the original by inserting the sentence: 'This humane and noble letter from Rathenau's mother was our crowning shame.' There is no sign of this highly moral sentiment in my German text!" This sentence was supplied by the author as a correction to the first German edition: "wohl vorlas. Dieser menschlich so edle Brief der Mutter Rathenaus war für uns die allertiefste Beschämung."—whether as an afterthought or because it was accidently dropped in the first German printing, I do not know.

ROGER LUBBOCK

Putnam & Company Ltd.
42 Great Russell Street,
London, W.C.1.

MR. GORDON'S FACTS

SIR,—Mr. Edward Short writes that I "ignored" an official invitation from the National Coal Board to come and see everything at Radstock for myself.

That is inaccurate in fact, and false in inference.

JOHN GORDON,
Sunday Express, E.C.4. *Editor in Chief*

[In fact, Mr. Gordon, who represented himself as anxious to investigate "top-heavy administration" at Radstock, did not get into contact with anyone concerned in it. Nor does he now say anything about the colliery's being open, or support any of his previous allegations.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

ELGAR

SIR,—I am engaged, at the request of Mrs. C. Elgar Blake, in the preparation of a biographical and critical study of her father, the late Sir Edward Elgar. This will be supplemented by a volume of his letters and occasional writings. I should be grateful if any who possess letters or musical manuscripts of the composer would communicate with me.

PERCY M. YOUNG.
Director of Music.
Wolverhampton & Staffordshire Technical College.

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Books in General

ART is long; books on art are longer still, also they are fearfully difficult to read. A great part of that public to which such works are offered consists, presumably, of quite simple-minded people who are not particularly good at elucidating the obscurities of an involved prose style; they are distinguished only by a delight in the visual arts and a wish to know more about them. Why then should they be so unkindly treated? Why, when two distinguished men of letters express their views on the fine arts and have, manifestly, a right to demand our attention, do they take so little trouble to make themselves understood? M. Maritain* gives us 122 pages of this kind of thing:

> . . . emotion, falling into the living springs, is received in the vitality of intelligence, I mean intelligence permeated by the diffuse light of the Illuminating Intellect and virtually turned toward all the harvests of experience and memory preserved in the soul, all the universe of fluid images, recollections, associations, feelings, and desires latent, under pressure, in the subjectivity, and now stirred. And it suffices for emotion disposing or inclining, as I have said, the entire soul in a certain determinate manner to be thus received in the undetermined vitality and productivity of the spirit, where it is permeated by the light of the Illuminating Intellect: then, while remaining emotion, it is made —with respect to the aspects in things which are connatural to, or *like* the soul it imbues— into an instrument of intelligence judging through connaturality, and plays, in the process of this knowledge through *likeness* between reality and subjectivity, the part of a nonconceptual intrinsic determination of intelligence in its preconscious activity.

And there are a further 283 pages to be masticated. M. Malraux† offers 650 pages of such stuff as this:

> And, despite the rich ornamentation of his headdress and that constricting his garments (as the Gothic fluting constricts that of Christ) the Wei Buddha seems to be gazing out, between his lowered eyelids, on a universe in which the horsemen of the Acropolis, emptied of concern, are plunging into the nether world of shades.

It must be borne in mind that both of these writers are French and come to us through the medium of a foreign tongue. M. Maritain has been his own translator; he knows English very well and is astonishingly well read in the English poets. There are occasions when even his learning is insufficient; but he is far better served than M. Malraux. *The Voices of Silence* is not taken directly from the series of volumes entitled *La Psychologie de l'art*; it is therefore uncertain whether the author may have been mistranslated or may have changed his mind in writing the second version. In *Le Musée Imaginaire* M. Malraux expressed the opinion that "*. . . la peinture anglaise, entre Van Dyck et Constable, malgré son éclatant brio, rejoint dans notre indifference l'éclectisme italien, l'alexandrinism, et l'academisme.*" Whereas in *The Voices of Silence* he says: "English painting (Van Dyck's aftermath), for all its brilliancy and brio, shares in the indifference we feel towards Italian eclecticism, Alexandrinism and French academism." Whatever the truth of the matter may be, whether the author is or is not misrepresented, these quotations give a fair notion of the quality of his work. The reader is expected not only to wade through a seemingly endless torrent of excruciatingly fine writing, he must also accept a vast number of dogmatic, unhistorical and at times incoherent assertions. Nevertheless if we are ready to receive this author in a kindly and uncritical spirit, if we can be content to listen to him as one might listen to a tiresome, overbearing, inaccurate, but brilliant talker, one who—all the same—has the power of spinning arresting theories and of communicating a genuine enthusiasm for the fine arts, then it is worth while to put up with M. Malraux, even when he tells us that "The fascination of Christianity in its early days owed nothing to promises of Heaven; fewer scenes of Paradise than Crosses are to be found in the first Christian paintings." In the same way we must accept the challenging and impressive philosophy of M. Maritain even when he tells us that: "Oriental art is only intent on Things; but, like every genuine art, it loathes realism."

The diffuse, inaccurate, and difficult character of both these works may, in part, be explained by the volume and the variety of that which the authors have to survey. It was comparatively easy for a Reynolds or a Diderot to construct a theory strong enough to contain the very small number of works of art that Europe admired during the eighteenth century. But today, as Malraux points out, the art critic who wishes to establish a general theory must survey mankind from China to Peru, and the art of photography has brought images, faint and distorted, but still recognisable, images of the world's art, within the reach of anyone who has the use of a good library. The evidence is therefore unmanageably large; the critic is unable to see the trees for the wood. Moreover, that which he does see is suggestive rather than informative. Lascaux and Teotihuacan are impressive, they are also enigmatic. The artist is in truth more of a mystery than he ever was and it will astonish no one that, in practice, we find more than ever to say about him. The mysteries of art, complicated and enriched by a catholic appreciation of the varied achievements of mankind at large, can easily induce a kind of vague religious ecstasy and this, in its turn, begets a reckless love of generalisation. Malraux excels in recklessness, and lacks Maritain's decent affectation of modesty. This is perhaps due to the fact that his feelings about the fine arts are more intense and he is therefore more set in his views. But both are so intent upon the sublime that they are ready to overlook mere facts. M. Maritain must make his point concerning oriental art, despite all the evidence to the contrary, because he must show that peoples who have not a God who is also man must necessarily produce art unlike that of Christians; M. Malraux has also his theory to establish, however much it may be contradicted by the facts of art history. Both authors find in the visual arts a reflection of the history of ideas, and it is ideas that interest them. Not unnaturally they both insist that the painter is, or should be, looking inwards and not outwards. Malraux's painter is in communion with the Universe, Maritain's is in touch, through the creative intuition, with a deity who seems to share M. Maritain's taste in painting. Neither looks for one moment at nature or, if he does so, it is only to turn away to summon up another universe and to disclose a deeper reality (Maritain) or to look at and then turn away from his predecessors (Malraux).

Malraux's version of the painter's behaviour is nearer to the common experience of modern artists (the inaccuracy of his generalisation is clear when he claims that the Sumerian artist was no less of an innovator than Raphael, and in another passage he remembers the rigidly traditional character of nearly all primitive art). It is hard, in so vast a literary excursion, and one so full of impetuous digressions, to tell whither the traveller is bound or whether he may be said to have arrived at any destination. There is, in the first book of *The Voices of Silence*, a kind of preliminary survey which certainly gives the reader a notion of the immensity of the author's territory. This impression is reinforced by a great number of illustrations, some of which are excellent while some, as the author himself points out, are decidedly misleading. But, having ventured into a wilderness of evidence, M. Malraux never finds, or even seeks, a vehicle that will enable him to make his way out again. He wanders off to discuss, partly from a theoretical and partly from an historical point of view, such topics as Celtic coins, Hellenistic sculpture in Asia, Roman, Gothic and Early Christian art, Giotto, Frans Hals, Manet, the Renaissance, the impact of primitive art upon the painters of our own times and much more besides. He has many entertaining and some true remarks to make on his chosen subjects but there is little that can be called method in his arrangement and no attempt to consider what generalisations, if any, will prove valid in the light of all the evidence that he surveys.

There is, however, one recurring theme which throws some light upon his attitude to the history of the fine arts. He is largely concerned to show that it is art that begets art, that the young Giotto painted sheep not as he saw them, but more or less as Cimabue saw them, and that the great artist is he who changes or destroys the tradition in which he is reared. This is true enough as far as it goes; but with M. Malraux it goes too far. He attempts to dismiss naturalism and sees in the development of the artist nothing but the conflict between a personality and a style. He would have done well to have considered child art with rather more attention (in fact, he dismisses it with a benevolent but absent-minded pat on the head). For in this case we can really generalise to some effect and although child art, in whatever country, class or religious system it may flourish, is conceptual, the child is, almost invariably, concerned with representing real objects. Equally it may be said that the decorative qualities of the child's work, like those which are conserved in a complicated and traditional form in the art of savages, persist whatever ideological changes may take place in society. They vanish only with adolescence (in the case of the child) or a change in the economic structure of society (in the case of the peasant).

* *Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry*. By JACQUES MARITAIN. *Harvill Press*. 42*s*.

† *The Voices of Silence*. By ANDRÉ MALRAUX. Trans. STUART GILBERT. *Secker & Warburg*. £6.

Facts such as these provide the natural starting-point for the inquiries of both these writers and it is regrettable that neither chose to consider them. M. Malraux is unable to examine evidence which does not move him to enthusiasm. M. Maritain is biased in the same way, so much so that he notices those arts which he calls "useful" as distinct from the fine arts only to place them in a lowly position in his ascending hierarchy. The reader may sense, though he may not easily disentangle, two aspects of M. Maritain: Maritain the philosopher and Maritain the critic. The philosopher is concerned with the relationship between poetry and art; both these words being used in a very wide and rather loose sense. His inquiry leads him at the outset to a consideration of Nature and of Man and thence to a classification of the departments of the psyche. From the nature of man's spirit the philosopher passes to the nature of inspiration and of its divine origins. The critic, who adorns his text with literary and pictorial illustrations, some of which are very beautiful, writes more comprehensively and with greater feeling, especially when he is dealing with poetry (in the common sense of the word); he is less convincing when he talks about painting. But although this distinction may be made, it would be unfair to suggest that this book is in any way disjointed. The critical observations find their place within a solidly constructed whole, a tall and dignified theoretical monument which the reader is bidden to ascend in order that he may enlarge his horizon.

The stiffest part of the ascent will be found near the summit of his edifice when he introduces his theory of beauty. "Beauty," he tells us, "is the radiance of all transcendentals united." Moreover, it is itself a "transcendental," it follows therefore that everything is beautiful in its own way. This assertion reminds one a little of Dr. Pangloss and, since the author himself allows that perfect beauty is a thing not to be found on this earth, one may conclude that his argument will stand if we reverse his terms and assert that everything is also ugly in its own way, and that this quality, no less than beauty, must belong to what M. Maritain calls the "Prime cause, the Pure Act, who is the *supreme analogate* of all transcendental perfections" and that Ugliness is one of the "divine names." This difficulty has, however, been foreseen and M. Maritain hastens to add that this is not the beauty that our senses perceive, which is merely æsthetic beauty as distinguished from "transcendental beauty." An art critic will hardly dare to venture into such exalted spheres of thought; but it is at all events arguable that beauty lies in the eye of the beholder; indeed, M. Maritain himself includes moral beauty within his transcendental category. If this be the case, we are asked to suppose not only that a portrait by Boldini is beautiful in the sight of God, but that the actions of Hitler were also—in a transcendental sense—beautiful. In short, M. Maritain seems to have led us to an old dilemma by a new path. A philosopher may smile at these objections; but perhaps some weary and conscientious readers of "Art Books" may raise a faint cheer for one who still has strength enough feebly to answer back.

QUENTIN BELL

No. 2 POLSTEAD ROAD

Home Letters of T. E. Lawrence and his Brothers. *Blackwell.* 63*s.*

The universal fame won by T. E. Lawrence has allowed this bundle of home letters to appear a century or so before they would normally have done, though even without it they have outstanding interest as a social document of Early Twentieth-Century England. The chief disadvantage of their premature publication is that only three of the five Lawrence brothers are here represented. T. E. (Ned), W. G. (Will) and F. H. (Frank) have been survived by M. R. (Bob), the eldest, who edits the collection and was for many years a medical missionary, and by A. W. (Arnie), the youngest, now a pioneer in West African archæology. Early letters from these would have rounded out the picture; but they have felt bound by modesty to stand aside.

The mother, Mrs. Sarah Lawrence, a native of Skye, is also still alive. She had already reached her nineties a year or two ago when she broke a leg; but made light of it and was soon about again. Seldom have I met a woman of greater energy, courage and forthrightness, or of deeper religious fervour; a true mother of the Gracchi. The ruling passions of T. R. Lawrence, the father, a typical Anglo-Irish squirearch from Co. Galway, were shooting, fishing, cycling and, in later life, the reading of G. A. Henty. He had left Ireland in the early Eighties, adopted the name Lawrence, and moved from place to place with his young family; finally settling down at Oxford where they could be well educated without leaving home. He and Mrs. Lawrence firmly believed in a united family, and wanted the parental impress, not that of any public school, to be set on the boys' characters. Mr. Lawrence is mentioned here almost always in connection with sport, which was his department, as hers was religion. He seems to have been courteous, gentle and simple-minded; and died in the great influenza epidemic of 1918-19.

Ned, visiting France in 1906 (aged 18) reports to him: "I met Frère Fabel" [a teacher at a French monastic school] "who was quite distressed to hear that you had given up photography. He told me that you were a Tory and that you did not like Mr. Gladstone; he also said that you were the best neighbour he ever had." Sarah Lawrence bore him boys only. She told me once in her broad Scottish: "We had no use for girls in our house." Since she had just presented my wife with a much-travelled tin bath-tub for my children, I asked gently: "But aren't they useful sometimes for bathing their younger brothers?" "Nonsense," she said, "boys are just as good, and make far less fuss about it. Ned always used to scrub Arnie for me, in this very bath, and take him for walks too, and tell him long stories."

Mrs. Lawrence had a decidedly low opinion of young women, and her sons were not encouraged to bring girls home to tea. The literary atmosphere at 2 Polstead Road, a late-Victorian North Oxford brick house, severely furnished, was a strange compound of Spurgeon's *Sermons*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and Tennyson's *Morte D'Arthur*. The clue even to Ned, who differed from Bob, Will and Frank in never feeling any call to become a missionary, is Sir Galahad; though indeed he soon burrowed back behind Tennyson to Malory and Froissart, and to Sir Guy de Tabarie who taught Saladin the Rule of Chivalry—pure-heartedness, love for a chosen lady, and the righting of wrong. His part in the Arab Campaign was conceived as a love-feat for the bright eyes of the enigmatic S.A., though in fact accomplished only at the price of lasting disgrace, impotence and self-scorn. "A Triumph," the sub-title of his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* dedicated to her, as it were posthumously, is bitterly ironical.

Frank, destined for the Indian Civil Service, but killed on May 5th, 1915 as a second lieutenant in the 1st Gloucesters, was a simple, earnest Christian sportsman, who specialised in rifle-shooting and the management of a Free Church

some new books from Nelson's list

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NELSON

36 Park Street
London W1

cadet corps. He had written a letter to his parents "for delivery at my death":

> . . . I can never be sufficiently grateful for having been given such parents as you, and also for all you have done for me. I am afraid I have ill repaid you on earth, and must have caused you great trouble. Arnie must now be your solace, as he will be I expect.
>
> In these last three months I have gone through indescribable depths of infamy, living in the midst of it, and if I had been accustomed to going to theatres, music halls, etc., in the seemingly harmless way other boys go, I should have found it trebly hard to have kept myself clean. . . .

Will, a more scholarly, more humorous, less pietistic character than Frank, left Oxford with a degree in Modern History, and a half-Blue for the mile. He went to teach English at St. Stephen's College, Delhi.

This is typical Will:

> . . . On the whole the funniest thing I've done here yet was to swim across the Ganges dressed in pyjama trousers pulling Ramsay MacDonald on one of those rafts [made of kerosene tins tied together with ropes], and that was a thing I had to do. . . . One of the pleasantly pathetic things about him is that he keeps English time here always about four and half hours late, so as to know what his children are doing. He is a widower (his wife died a year or more ago) with several young ones: he is really an immensely fine fellow, with a sincerity one cannot doubt. . . .
>
> I wonder what you made of Rabindranath's book. A. thinks him one of the supreme great poets of the world, one alongside of Shakespeare and Dante and Homer. But I can't subscribe to that much as I like the man himself, and enjoy reading him. . . I don't think he is as big a man as Ezra Pound for the matter of that. A. habitually calls him in public "Guruder," which means "The Shining Master," and that is one of Professor Sen's grievances, who says that no Christian can possibly use the term, and that every time A. uses it he puts Tagore into the place of Christ. . . .

In reply Ned cautioned him about Pound:

> The risk of Pound's poetry is the symbolic for its own sake. He has educated himself on old books and never correlated them. . . . He has a very common American affectation of immense learning in strange things.

Will returned to England in March, 1915, joined the R.F.C. as an observer and was shot down in October after a week's flying.

Mutandis mutatis, there must have been hundreds of Franks and scores of Wills in England when the war started—two out of every three were killed or maimed—but no more than one Ned. He always played a lone hand, chastened his flesh, enlarged his mind, became a master of several useful trades, and cultivated an exactness of observation and statement. He wrote in 1917 that School (Oxford High School, where his brothers were blissfully happy) had been "part nightmare and part nuisance"; and counted it a mercy that after he had broken a leg there, while wrestling in the playground, he was spared having "to play games like everyone else." Throughout his University life he never watched nor took part in a single match. He has recently been accused of heartlessness and selfishness by critics who never knew him. This would have pleased him, because he was always at pains to conceal the abounding generosity of his motives. He reacted against evangelical charity as an artificial and undiscriminatory emotion, inconsistent with personal knightly love; but did not wish to offend his family by confessing to this opinion, and could therefore acknowledge deep affection only for his small brother Arnie.

This is Ned, examining Toquédec Castle in Brittany at the age of just eighteen:

> . . . The grand fire-place at the end of the hall was about seven feet wide and four feet high; the mantlepiece was entirely composed of one enormous stone. The hall must have borne a great resemblance to Kenilworth, for beneath it are large vaulted cellars with barrel vault. . . . The vault has four entrances, and a fifth practicable for a cat. The hall had no latrine, but further along was another, communicating apparently with one on the wall, and thence to a *drain*. This must be most unusual. There is a semicircular tower still perfect on this side, and on it I impaled myself when climbing. . . . It was a very tricky place. The machicoulis are perfect here, as elsewhere in the castle. Next to this tower a wall leads across to the tower by the chapel corner; this tower has a beautiful latrine, of whose interior Scroggs made a sketch at my request. I enclose it, numbered 2. It projects from the wall as in that on the keep enclosed (number 1), and looks like a sentry box. It has a little window and is fitted with a seat with a large hole. The debris fell into the moat. The keep had three, one for each living room story. They were placed diagonally. . . . Scroggs made a sketch of the outside of the best preserved. They are most interesting as improvements of the Norman variety, which was just a little crude. . . . Tell Arnie I saw a brown squirrel run up the wall, and he went right up the keep to where Scroggs was sketching: when Scroggs moved he jumped to the main wall. He was a very good jumper. The squirrels about here are very large and carry their tails like the foxes do theirs straight out behind. . . . With reference to my luggage. My silk shirt was a blessing. It took up no space, and every day I used to roll it tightly round my other articles, and it used to hold them all in place. Thus my luggage was never larger or longer than my carrier. Father will be very interested to learn this, for the carrier is a small one. It went through the trip excellently and my baggage gave absolutely no trouble. I carried two pairs of socks and wore a third. Next time I would only carry one pair and would not trouble to bring a sponge. . . . Hug and tickle Arnie for me: I am off in ten minutes to the Mont.

His letters, for which the Prime Minister has written a glowing introduction, continue until just before his death in 1935, when 2 Polstead Road had been sold, and "home" was a mission station in Central China, where his mother was keeping house for Bob. The later ones are of outstanding interest to the T. E. Lawrence student, but he would himself have regarded their inclusion as inartistic, since Will and Frank had both died young and undefeated.

ROBERT GRAVES

NEW NOVELS

The Idols and the Prey. By JOHN GOODWIN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

To Next Year in Jerusalem. By DAVID MARCUS. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Ticket of Leave. By GEORGES SIMENON. *Routledge.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Green for Love. By ANNE PIPER. *Putnam.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The first two books here prompt the notion that clashes of race are among the best subjects for serious novels today. They make clear and dramatic a struggle which, in a milder way, occupies all of us. Alien surroundings warp and crack the crust of habit, till the creatures inside come out and scuttle round like crabs that have out-grown their shells, desperately hunting for a safe place to grow another one. A good nourishing subject; the question then is, do you like your novel thick or clear? If thick, try *The Idols and the Prey*. It is a first novel, American, and is much the more ambitious of the two. It is splendidly rich, not so much in snakes and parrots and native dances, but in the complicated snobberies of a self-consciously Black Republic.

> "I recall one day," she would say, inclining her head a little and flicking her fan more vigorously, "when at the receptions at the President's place one could be sure of meeting no one darker than oneself."

So the mulatto lady. And there is the other, darker lady, descended from a Haitian emperor, who was the President's mistress but would never have married him:

> "He was, after all, only a President, and of peasant stock only a generation or two back at that. But he was very miraculous to me. . . . Mulattoes are curs and behave as such, but no black has ever had the audacity to get fresh with me. No siree, they wouldn't dare!"

The canvas, which is vast and admirably filled, has as its centre a group of tourists from New England (the Prey) busily going to pieces. And here, as in so many American novels, there is perspective trouble. The private tragedy will not come into the same focus with the panorama. The writer, in so far as his real theme is Haiti, wants to show a dark maelstrom which can get a hold on the weaknesses of any civilised person and drag him down to ruin. For this demonstration, the victims ought to be normally stable. But one of the three chosen (painter interested, *à la* Lawrence, in native rites) could make a maelstrom out of any duck-pond. He is quite consciously self-destructive and longs to involve his friends in his own disaster. It follows that their fall, as well as his, is over-determined, and the power of Haiti never really proven. This central character has besides a blank and futile odiousness which just succeeded in spoiling the book for me. A nature mystic who sacrifices at least three people's happiness in his attempt to go native and then goes into exquisite agonies of humiliation when the Haitians don't give him a toothbrush to himself is so obviously doomed to failure that it is hard to give one's mind to his activities. The figure is much worked over and contains many excellent strokes. ("He is always trying to find himself and always comes face to face, in a sort of puritanical dismay, with himself.") Yet it is drawn without charity or sympathy—there is not even any suggestion that he is a good painter. This throws the book somewhat out of balance, the more so as the other characters are all vivid and appealing.

It is certainly very good Thick for those that like it. Myself I must confess that I was more moved by Clear. *To Next Year in Jerusalem* is a remarkably honest and serious first novel about the difficulties of being an Irish Jew. The subject is obviously fertile. If it had been described from the Irish angle, its fertility might have wasted it in a froth of paradox. But the Jews are a morsel beyond even the Irish powers of absorption, and for Mr. Marcus's hero "being a Jew is a twenty-four hour a day job, sixty minutes per hour." He is an intelligent young man brought up in a small town in the West of Ireland, and kept there both by loyalty to the local Jewish community and by shyness of the anti-Semitism he might meet in a larger world. He struggles with the question; where does his real home lie? In the country of his birth? In the ceremonial life of his race? In Palestine, to which that life directs him? Or in the household he would like to build with the Catholic girl he loves? "And which is stronger? The claims which the homes we possess have on us, or the claim we have on the home we want?" The style is like that, plain and sometimes clumsy, and lets the author down when it comes to conveying the magic of praying-shawls and seven-branched candlesticks. (Perhaps no devout Jew ever really *wants* to communicate that to the profane?) Yet its straightness is most attractive, and the novel, naive though it often is, has a remarkable force and serenity. This springs, I think, from the paradoxical fact that the hero *has* got a home—a security quite out of reach for most of us—in a complex tradition which he can whole-heartedly accept. From that stronghold, with detachment and a curious quiet confidence, he is able to pronounce the poetry of exile.

M. Simenon is, if a dazed public may be forgiven the phrase, just the same as usual. Shrewd and relentless, he measures in his ingredients—family quarrels, a determined housewife, a vivacious slut, perspiring in-laws, and, to touch off the trouble, a killer on the run. Each moved by his one idea, the characters move through the predestined dance to disaster. It is all very much like Racine—nobody's tragic blindness can be healed and spoil the pattern. (The inarticulateness of Simenon's characters makes not a ha'porth of difference, since what use is rhetoric when nobody will listen?) Only the dramatist, wise, balanced and regretful, can see across the fences. This particular Simenon differs from any I have read in being summery—green fields and red wine instead of fog and Customs Houses—and that is obscurely comforting. Mr. John Petrie's translation is quite good, but too full of exclamation marks.

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MARY SCRUTTON

FRENCH DEMOCRACY

Politics in Post-War France. By PHILIP WILLIAMS. *Longmans*. 35*s*.

French politics have both an endless fascination and an endless tedium. The intellectual ingenuity of the politicians is matched only by the regularity with which they arrive at the same solutions or rather at the same deadlock. When Clemenceau was reproached with having overthrown seventeen ministries, he replied: "Bah! it is always the same ministry that I have overthrown"; and the outside observer would be hard put to it to detect any deep pattern in the changes of ministry under the Fourth Republic. Indeed we are all inclined to echo the cynical remark: "the Fourth Republic is dead. Long live the Third." Even Mr. Williams does not escape this feeling. He ends his book by writing that with the election of M. Coty "the ideals conceived in the Resistance, and so hopefully voiced at the liberation, had been peacefully laid to rest." Yet France has now a government of a different kind; and if M. Mendès-France fails, his failure will be that of the French people rather than of the politicians. This is indeed the fundamental argument of Mr. Williams's book. "The difficulties of French government are due to historical and social, rather than to constitutional or temperamental factors." What France suffers from is *incivisme*, not a faulty constitution; and the politicians do their best to operate democracy in a country where the will of the people is mainly negative. Victor Hugo was not the only Frenchman to define his politics in the words: "Je suis *contre*."

There have been a number of books which seek to disentangle the drift of contemporary French politics in detail. Mr. Williams has written a book of a different kind. His theme is the French constitution and how it works. What the politicians make of it comes in only as illustration. Political events are disposed of in the first 40 pages. Then Mr. Williams analyses the parties from the Communists to the Gaullists. He discusses their organisation, their programmes, their social composition, and even hints at the sources of their funds. It is curious to learn for instance that the Communist Party is mainly paid for by the French state, since the Party takes a ferocious levy from the generous salaries of its Deputies and Senators—hardly an example for our Labour Party to follow. The heart of the book is an explanation of the constitution, discussing everything from the presidency to the committees of the Assembly. Finally, Mr. Williams shows how the constitution works in practice—the relationship between the assembly and the constituencies, and the effectiveness of the pressure-groups.

The outstanding impression from this analysis is the effectiveness of the French democratic system. The French are genuinely determined that the will of the people shall prevail; and it does. The Deputy is far more responsive to public opinion than is an English Member of Parliament; and he in turn possesses more effective power. Nothing can be done in France unless a coherent majority wants it done. Yet, as Mr. Williams points out, the confusion of French politics can be exaggerated. Though ministries change, ministers remain. M.R.P. for instance had a monopoly of the foreign ministry from the Resistance until it was broken—perhaps temporarily—by M. Mendès-France; and there are many less extreme instances. A country with a firmly centralised administration can afford changes of minister without much harm; and Mr. Williams might have said more of the French administrative system—a totalitarianism tempered by resistance. He emphasises, as other observers have done, the insoluble problem which is created by the Communist Party, which does not accept the fundamental principles of the state. The Gaullists looked at one time as though they would take up the same position on the other side; but they have now become parliamentarians—and even the General himself is not clear whether he really aspires to be a dictator, except in the original Roman sense.

There is one factor that Mr. Williams might have explored further. He draws attention to the predominance of the professional classes, lawyers and school-teachers, in politics—a predominance out of all proportion with their numbers in the community. But he does not make it clear that their real authority in France has declined. The lawyers and school-teachers are now hired men, where they were once the leaders of society. The village schoolmaster carried the Third Republic on his shoulders. He was respected by the peasants and overshadowed them. The peasants do not respect the schoolmaster any more. They have become literate themselves; they understand official forms as well as he; and they despise him for remaining poor while they have grown rich on the black market. Old France rested on an intellectual *élite* even in 1939. Now the people have come into their own; and France is more truly a democracy than before. Perhaps democracy is not a suitable system for a Great Power. The experiment has never been tried—certainly not by this country. But if the price of democracy is to cease to be a Great Power, the French people seem willing to pay the price. And who shall blame them?

A. J. P. TAYLOR

THE FAIREST OF HER DAUGHTERS

Family Inheritance. By DIANA HOPKINSON. *Staples*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Diana Hopkinson has attempted to depict for the general public beyond her own family circle a memorial portrait of her mother, that great and good public woman, Eva Hubback. Eva is remembered, in any case, at many different levels. Her family, I suppose, and a surprisingly large group of intimate friends, remember her first for the way in which she shared herself and her talents with others—for what she was, in other words, rather than for what she did. For Eva, though she died full of solemn achievements, was, before everything else, a source of fun and affection. Others will remember her first as a great teacher. Her principalship of Morley College, which lasted for over twenty years, was in some ways the finest of all examples of adult education in practice. Pupils and teachers alike found that contact with her transformed the base metal of L.C.C. evening classes into the fine gold of a liberal education; and this tradition will continue to distinguish Morley from other adult educational institutions for many years to come.

Others will remember her—including many older readers of this journal to which she sometimes contributed—as a great expert on eugenics and population; and although she modestly claimed for herself the status of only an amateur in this field, her Penguin, *The Population of Britain*, is perhaps the best popular work on this subject ever published. Others still will recall her first for her many years of work, in happy partnership with Lord Simon of Wythenshawe, propagating the importance of "education in citizenship" as the basic and essential nourishment of popular democracy; while the older generation of women will continue to see her, often by the side of her friend Eleanor Rathbone, in a long series of campaigns for women's rights, ranging from the Vote to family allowances.

All these many aspects of Eva *Family Inheritance* seeks to draw together into the whole woman so many of us loved and admired. On the whole, it is unexpectedly successful. I find Eva alive in many pages of this book, not least in those where Mrs. Hopkinson, with a commendable absence of mawkish sentiment, allows an occasional ray of dry, satirical humour to light up one or other of her mother's foibles. The book succeeds, in short, in doing very much what those who knew Eva would wish. Has it, then, accomplished this at the price of a family intimacy which shuts out those who did not know her? It is, of course, a snapshot rather than a work of art. But the family album has its place in social history, and I believe that many people will find it rewarding to make Eva's acquaintance for the first time in her daughter's book. For she was more than a woman who achieved her own success. She was a portent.

Too young to be numbered among the real pioneers of women's advance into male territory, she was one of the first (and one of the most brilliantly successful) of the generation who exploited that victory. The Pankhursts, the Garrett Andersons, the Pethick Lawrences, and the rest of that invading force, to whom honour is justly given, breached the citadel: Eva, with her circle, showed how the fruits of victory could be enjoyed. As scholar, as don, as writer, teacher, even a politician of sorts, she showed that it all came naturally; that you did not have to be stunted in your private life in order to be professionally successful. For all this full public life was combined with devoted motherhood, with a family life rare in its richness, with a huge circle of friends, with beauty, laughter, holidays, and warm impulsive affections. Eva, in fact, was one of the first to show that women could fit professional cares and responsibilities into a full and happy life, with the same ease which men have acquired through generations of practice and privileged education.

JOHN FREEMAN

GREEKS IN GOOD ENGLISH

Herodotus: The Histories. Translated by AUBREY DE SELINCOURT. *Penguin.* 5*s.*

Thucydides: The Peloponnesian War. Translated by REX WARNER. *Penguin.* 5*s.*

Among the excellent achievements of 1954 is the publication of new and good translations of Herodotus and Thucydides at the astonishing price of five shillings apiece. The first and second prose historians of our world, their works follow one upon the other. Herodotus tells of the repulse of Persia by the Greeks in general and Athens in particular in the first quarter of the fifth century; Thucydides of the downfall of the Athenian empire in the Peloponnesian War of 432-404 B.C. Both are magnificent artists on a very large scale, both write in a poetic style—the one an absurdly successful blend of epic and conversation, the other in brevities and antitheses inspired by the Attic tragedians. Otherwise they could hardly be more different. Herodotus is a whole-truther, discursive, the father of anthropology and ethnology quite as much as of history. He is like Chaucer in his humour and enormous enjoyment of character, but with a stronger sense of tragedy. Grimly conscious of divine interference in human life—"I know God is envious of human prosperity and likes to trouble us"—he is as piously intelligent about comparative religion as he is witty about comparative sexology.

Thucydides is much more strictly a historian, and until a hundred years ago when Herodotus's under-subjects began to develop as separate sciences, he was regarded as strictly the greater figure. Hobbes called him "the most Politick Historiographer that ever writ." Regarding his work as akin to medical research he exposes man and motive against the background of the city state with the clarity of a senior surgeon demonstrating an operation. This exact analysis is written with "a poet's precision, a union of passion and candour" and the whole, though it is unfinished, is both history and tragedy. His style is compressed—everything for speed—and exceedingly hard to translate. Mr. Warner pays tribute to Richard Crawley's version and modestly suggests that his own has merely the virtue of modernity. I find it nearly always better than Crawley's. In the famous sentence in the funeral speech that seems so unlike oratory and so eminently a reader's prose, Crawley has a monstrosity containing: "and this is not only in the cases in which it set the final seal upon their merit, but also in those in which it gave the first intimation of their having any." Mr. Warner has: "To me it seems that the consummation which has overtaken these men shows us the meaning of manliness in its first revelation and in its final proof." This is exact and neat but not noble. For that we must go back to the inaccurate translation by Hobbes or the rare and expensive one by Jowett.

Mr. de Selincourt's task was even longer, but slightly less difficult. He has done very well indeed, producing a most readable version that catches the friendly and beguiling tone of Herodotus. But ought he not to have acknowledged some debt to Rawlinson, whom I seem to see standing behind him suggesting here a word, there the structure of a sentence? I do not mean that this able and racy translator has copied Rawlinson, but, as schoolmasters say, I think he has "used him sensibly."

It really does matter that the intellectual curiosity and stamina of the Greeks and their vision of the power and fallibility of great men should be available in the English of today. Here they are, and, since the Greeks liked understatement, let us say: they are worth more than five shillings.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Kay Cicellis's novel, *Death of a Town*, mentioned in the review of *Botteghe Oscure XIII* last week, is published by the Harvill Press at 10*s.* 6*d.*

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THE ROAD TO THE ISLES

The Highland Jaunt. By MORAY MCLAREN. *Jarrolds.* 16*s.*

Everyone who loves both Boswell and the Western Isles has probably at some time toyed with the notion of following the route of the Journey of 1773. Mr. McLaren actually did it. At Inverness, on a fine autumn morning of 1952, he put one leg across a hill pony and set off on a ploy that took him, as it took Boswell and Johnson, to Glenelg, Raasay, Skye, Coll, Inveraray, and so to the final parting at Blackshiels, a few miles south of Edinburgh, where Boswell saw Johnson off on the London coach. Mr. McLaren then returned (by bus) to his home in Edinburgh to write this wholly delightful book.

So first it is a record of his own spirited journey. Like Boswell and Johnson, he was entertained at Dunvegan and Inveraray Castle, spent happy days on Coll—though he could not recapitulate their stormy passage from Skye—and stood on the Iona beach where St. Columba landed. Nor did he shirk the rigours of the game, battling his way in driving rain over the Wade road west from Fort Augustus, struggling through a gale to Coirechatachan, the Skye farmhouse whose welcome so enchanted Johnson. Mr. McLaren is a sharp observer of the scene today; if he has Boswell's lively interest in character, he has also Johnson's solid interest in the condition of the Highlands. But he does not obtrude his own views or doings: and the heart of his book is his lively and sympathetic commentary on the original tour

For this he prepared himself no less thoroughly than for the geographical journey. He read *Ogden on Prayer*, the volume Boswell found so soothing in his "hangover from sin"—delighted to find it written in "crisp and economical English, not unlike Swift." He dug out the Gaelic quibs provoked by the publication of Johnson's *Journey* in 1775, and has translated two for our benefit.

You are the malingerer from battle,
You are the kite of the bird world.
You are now the secret butt of the bards.
Among fish you are the cub of the dogfish—

is the least scurrilous of the verses addressed to Johnson by James McIntyre of Glencoe ("not quite so ridiculous in Gaelic," Mr. McLaren reports). Above all, he made himself thoroughly at home with the unrevised version of Boswell's *Journal* found at Malahide, and is able here and there to fill in the familiar picture with great effect. It was always clear that Armadale was the least successful of the Skye visits, and Coirechatachan the gayest; how agreeable now to have the Johnsonian verdict on Lady Macdonald of Armadale—"this woman would sink a ninety-gun ship—she is so dull, so heavy"—and to learn that the fun at Corri was based on a dinner of minced beef collops, fried chicken, ham, tongue, haddocks, herrings, "as good a bread-pudding as I ever tasted," and "sillabubs made with port wine and in sillabub glasses." Then there is a new and charming picture of the two travellers gathering little yellow shells on the shore of Inchkenneth—Boswell for his father, Johnson for Mrs. Thrale's little girl: and a half-funny, half-moving revelation of Boswell kneeling in the dark in front of the Celtic cross on the same island and praying "*Sancte Columba, ora pro me*" ("I considered that to ask the intercession of a departed saint was at least innocent and might be of service"). Boswell has been allowed, in the last year or two, to show himself fornicating in London, sycophantic in Germany, fatuous in Switzerland, and most of us have enjoyed the spectacle. Mr. McLaren, whose warmhearted generosity towards Boswell is one of the attractions of his book, sees to it that we should also take note of him, at Iona and Inchkenneth, on his knees.

JANET ADAM SMITH

MR. MAUGHAM'S YOGI

Ramana Maharshi. By ARTHUR OSBORNE. *Rider.* 15*s.*

Do you remember the Yogi in *The Razor's Edge* who "never wore anything but a loincloth, and yet managed to look as trim and neat and well dressed as a young man in one of Brooks Brothers' advertisements," and who radiated saintliness? There was also a bit about him, or rather the original of him, in *A Writer's Notebook*. Mr. Maugham went to visit him in his ashram at the foot of Arunachala, near Travancore in southern India and had a fainting attack soon after arriving. The Yogi—"cheerful, smiling, polite; he did not give me the impression of a scholar, but rather of a sweet-natured old peasant"—came and sat with him, meditated over him, and said "silence also is conversation." Mr. Maugham was obviously impressed. Well, here is a sort of biography of the old pet, who died in 1950, aged seventy, written by one of his English devotees. His real name was Venkataraman but his followers called him Bghavan Sri Ramana Maharshi, which means approximately Divine Great Sage. He seems to have been acknowledged throughout India as the most saintly character since Ramakrishna.

He was born in 1879 in the town of Tiruchuzhi in the Tamil-speaking land, and was the son of some sort of rural lawyer. Apart from a habit of very deep sleep there was nothing unusual about his childhood. At the age of sixteen or thereabouts he had a sudden intense mystical experience, brought on by an abrupt fear of death. After this he was able to attain what Hindus call "Union with the Divine" almost at will. He left home, lived as a *saddhu* or begging holy man and for two or three years practised total austerity and silence, eating only when food was put into his mouth, oblivious of his surroundings, remaining "immersed in bliss." His mother tracked him down and was horrified at his wasted appearance. She begged him to come home but he refused. Thereafter, however, he gradually adopted a more normal way of life, eating and sleeping at regular intervals, and speaking. It is at this stage when you can no longer write him off as a pathological case, that he becomes really interesting.

"His manner" says Mr. Osborne, "was natural and free from all constraint. . . . His conversation was full of humour and his laughter so infectious, so like that of a child that even those who did not understand the language would join in." Everything about him and his ashram, at the foot of Arunachala, into which he moved in 1922, was clean and tidy and efficient, with the clocks kept right to the minute and the calendars up to date.

He was a fair scholar; he wrote a bit: some verses in praise of Arunachala, some Vedantist precepts. His speciality as a mystic appears to have been an introspective technique for "communicating direct with the infinite," but the most remarkable thing about him was his personality. The impression of benevolence and dignity which this makes is really striking. It comes across sharply from the pages of Mr. Osborne's rather misty book. You may smile at the picture of Bhagavan attending the death-bed of a cow and solacing the monkeys, like Kipling's Purun Baghat, but you cannot escape the conviction that here is a case of genuine goodness, if there can be such a thing. Some of the devotees, Mr. Osborne hints, were a bit dotty, but that is only what you must expect from followers of the narrow path who are, inevitably, subject to fits of dizziness. An interesting story; what it proves I do not know except that you can always trust Mr. Maugham to spot a good thing.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Tangled Fire of William Faulkner. By W. V. O'CONNOR. *Minnesota. Cumberlege.* 32*s.*

To English readers, admirers of Mr. Faulkner included, this book may well seem a little rum. The study of Faulkner is obviously becoming a branch of American heavy literary industry that will soon compare in productivity—it is the only word—with those of Hawthorne and Melville. There is already a quarterly *Faulkner Studies*, in which some chapters of Professor O'Connor's book first appeared. His work, however, academic though it is, appears as though crossed with the recent articles on the novelist in *Life*. Mr. Faulkner, a Hollywood colleague is reported as saying, "usually needed a few drinks to relax sufficiently to collaborate in writing a script." Mr. Faulkner is "a fine golfer" and "a good companion." Mr. Faulkner's younger brother John has said: "I think Bill is the greatest writer that's ever lived, including Shakespeare." Mrs. Faulkner did not accompany her husband to Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize because she had had her teeth out and the new dentures were not ready.

As for his criticism, Professor O'Connor is concerned to refute that conception of Faulkner which sees him primarily as the laureate of the Old South and the historian of Yoknapatawpha County. He is not wholly convincing, for, with the exception of *Soldier's Pay* and *Pylon*, Faulkner's best and most characteristic work does have a severely localised setting: when he moves out of Yoknapatawpha he is no more distinguished than Hardy outside Wessex. Professor O'Connor is good on *The Sound and The Fury* and *As I Lay Dying*, less than just to *Soldier's Pay* and to Faulkner's most recent novels, *Intruder in the Dust* and *Requiem for a Nun*. His terms of reference and standards of comparison suffer from a lack of adequate definition: he is much too fond of invoking whole categories of writing such as "*fin de siècle* literature," which would look very different if analysed into the writers who may be supposed to comprise it.

The Mind of Man. By GILBERT HIGHET. *Oxford.* 16*s.*

The first part of this book is an extended meditation on the theme of Columbia's recent centennial celebrations—"Man's right to knowledge." Thought is the specifically human quality that makes us skilful, wise and happy; some things are beyond thought, and many forces nowadays tend to its destruction; but the preservation of the great thoughts of "captain minds of the past," and the extension of the future bounds of knowledge are the prerogatives that make

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man's struggles worth while. The idea of history as the history of education is developed in the second part: Professor Highet is convinced that "history moves faster through education than through warfare"; but his interesting examples leave the reader uncertain of the continuity or direction of the advance.

Clarity and confidence, expressed in an eloquent staccato, are the Professor's outstanding qualities. It is, for example, excess of clarity that produces the occasional glimpse of the obvious—"English literature is one of the finest literatures in the entire world"; and his confidence is such that his liberalism itself (as in the discussion of censorship of sexual knowledge) is sometimes endangered. He is sure that the message of Renan's *Prière sur l'Acropole* is *true;* that poetry *is* better than pinball; that (with the possible exceptions of medicine and art) dry-as-dust scholarship "is the purest and least selfish satisfaction known to man." Professor Highet sets an exceedingly low valuation on all pleasures experienced outside university walls (and only a handful of the best universities, at that); the remaining discords within the scholarly world are to be settled by philosophy: "there speaks reason . . . reason is permanent." Yet the most specifically human, the greatest thinkers of all, tend to be the most disputatious. The captain minds are still at war.

St. Scandalbags. By MRS. AMANDA M. ROS. *Merle Press.* 42*s.*

A new work from Amanda Ros! This (kept in store for twenty-seven years) is her second round in defence of *Irene Iddesleigh.* The first had demonstrated "the so-called Barry Pain"; now, on the appearance of the Nonesuch edition with the original woodcuts, Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis was the offender. A skit appeared; skittishness had to be squashed, or rather replaced by a skittishness comporting with the authoress of *Irene Iddesleigh.* Joyfully she surges in and over the beckoning humourist with his—

> stale springs, the unpremeditated effortless efforts of a "criticising crowdrop" to be found besplattering a column—a *whole* column! (with not even a *bite* out of it) of that celestial-like-celebrated-talent-tarnisher and by name *The Daily Mail.*

Does he aim at detracting from "a work that has stood the test of wild appreciation from all parts of the globe for a period of 30 years"—one, moreover, that has become "a greater favourite among its aristocratic admirers by twenty times one . . . a 'Classic' . . . with a gilded warrant to enter the most secret chambers of the intellect, the most sacred shelves of the divine?" So it seems; and for fourteen pages in the magnipotent manner she justifies her claim to be "the Notorious Boil on the tip of the Critics' tongues."

This little book in a limited edition preserves the whole affair: skit, reply, correspondence over a review in *Vogue,* letter to publishers, extracts from an early version of *Delina Delaney,* an examination paper on the novels by F. Anstey, and a "silent reminder" of the Postmistress herself in the shape of a photograph.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,274

Set by Allan M. Laing

Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to submit one premature epitaph written by Patience Strong on T. S. Eliot; or T. S. Eliot on Alfred Noyes; or Alfred Noyes on W. H. Auden; or W. H. Auden on Ogden Nash; or Ogden Nash on Patience Strong. Limit, 10 lines of verse (or 50 words of Strong prose). Entries by August 3.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,271

Set by Nicholas Breakspear

L. S. Amery writes in his autobiography that: "There was a moment, I believe, when the youthful Napoleon nearly entered the British Navy as a midshipman . . . With his fire and genius he might well have won quick promotion, trodden *Bellerophon's* deck as captain and not as prisoner, and ended with a K.C.B. or even a Viscounty." Competitors are invited to submit a passage from a work of fiction entitled *Bonaparte R.N.*, as written by any one of the following—Conrad, Marryat, C. S. Forester, or G. A. Henty.

Report by Nicholas Breakspear

A small but high-grade cadre contrived to put Boney convincingly on the British quarter-deck. The "forceful, stocky *homme de mer*" (Mrs. Jean Stubbs) was envisaged at every step of his naval career; as midshipman—"Blimey! A froggy snotty!" (Finlay P. Murdoch)—and as First Lieutenant on the old *Sanglier*, his life saved by Marryat's Mr. Chucks (Allan Laing). We glimpsed him as dashing captain, as commodore, as Nelson's successor:

> For years he had been overshadowed, but with his rival dead on his own quarter-deck Admiral Bonaparte could expect of his country the highest honours . . . Only as to his burial place was he undecided: if Nelson was to lie in St. Paul's, he would select the Abbey; if Nelson was to adorn Westminster, then he would prefer the Cathedral. (Colin Prestige).

J. P. Stevenson neatly reversed the situation:

> As the two friends left Westminster Abbey the elder said in a low voice,
>
> "To think that, but for a freak of fortune, that great man would have entered the École Militaire de Paris at the most impressionable age of adolescence!"
>
> "It would have been as God willed, Sir," replied the younger man, "though one wonders whether the licentiousness of service under a foreign flag might have proved too much even for *his* high principles. Moreover, I cannot believe that the Divine plan is subject—unless perhaps temporarily, and in a slight degree—to such accidental circumstances."
>
> "Is not that," observed the other, "what the Orientals term *kismet*, Hardy?"

J. P. Mullarky topped all comers and I have awarded him three guineas. A guinea each to H.J.R. and W.P.B., and half a guinea each to L. G. Udall and J.N.F.

C. S. FORESTER

Captain Buonaparte R.N. gazed at the coast of France and tried hard to conceal his elation. There had been times when his battened-down Corsican emotions had burst the hatches and revealed what poor Maria years ago in their drab Southsea lodgings had called "the organ grinder in him." But now the Captain of H.M.S. Bellerophon was about to act before the audience of history and he must play his part like an Englishman. He must be careful to strike an attitude which concealed that any attitude was being struck; he must be more English than that Irishman Wellington.

He supposed the Emperor would offer his sword as the so-called "instrument of surrender." He wondered if there was any precedent for keeping it. What would an Englishman do? Hand it to Their Lordships undoubtedly.

He turned and spoke quietly.

"Mr. Bush, tell General Bernadotte I am ready to receive him."

J. P. MULLARKY

Bonaparte paced his cabin (walking upright under the deck-beams, as few Captains could) and grappled with many problems. The outspoken letter for the Admiralty he had given a home-bound frigate three weeks ago with his own version of the Articles of War, clearer and crisper than the archaic original—had it been wise? Captains had been broken for less.

Had it been wise to leave Josephine at Plymouth or to appoint Joseph his First Lieutenant? Joseph still didn't know port from starboard. But Maman had insisted.

Her name brought him up with a start by the eighteen-pounder. His orders were to capture the port of Ajaccio!

If he failed there would be the Admiralty to face: if he succeeded—Maman.

In the meantime where *was* he? He looked up the

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JOHN O'LONDON'S WEEKLY.

From all libraries and bookshops

NEWNES

English for the French for "Pass the word for the Sailing-Master."

H.J.R.

CONRAD

We crossed the bar at first light, and in a sullen silence the French prize crew came aboard. They asked for the Captain, and after much delay he came shuffling on deck, smelling badly of spirits and looking even pastier than usual. "An unlucky man, I am, Mr. Corcoran," he confided in that curious, grating voice of his, as we dropped anchor astern of the Benbow. Beyond her lay the Victory, and beyond her the rest of the fleet, with guns spiked in token of surrender and the tricolor at every masthead. We surveyed the scene in unhappy silence. "I chose the wrong flag," he complained. "And yet, God knows," he added, with the dismal croak that did service with him for a laugh, "God knows how that scoundrel Talleyrand would have managed with me on his side!"

W.P.B.

G. A. HENTY

The whaler tossed in the choppy sea and the rain hissed into the green water. Suddenly young Nelson slipped on the wet seat, up shot his legs in the air, involuntarily his right hand grasped the gunwale, a lurch and the oar was gone. "Vast-" came a bellow from the stern, then "Man Overboard" came the cry from the bows. "It's Bones," cried young Nelson as he scrambled up. "Coming Bones," he shouted. "Hold hard Nelson" came a bellow from the stern again and Jack Jervis seized his arm. A tousled head bobbed up and down a dozen yards away. "Stern all" came the cry. A minute later Nelson was hauling the swimmer in with his burden. The swimmer shook himself, "Ze oar," he gasped, "she must not be lost." "Vast," came a voice from the stern, "Buonaparte, spoken like a true Eng- er- sailorman."

L. G. UDALL

CONRAD

A brooding stillness lay over the immensity of the sea. Not a cloud obscured the implacable serenity of the sky, not a breath of wind disturbed the marvellous immobility of the water which stretched without a murmur, without a ripple, without a wrinkle, bounded within the circle of the horizon like the contents of some sinister cauldron brewed by gigantic and invisible demons.

The captain of the Bellerophon did not move. With his hands clasped behind him, his large face of a well fed priest sunk low on his breast, he seemed lost in a profound and sombre meditation. There came from forward a confused murmur, a snatch of song. Captain Bonaparte suddenly flung up his hand, and pronounced with amazing energy the words: "Good God, what is the meaning—?" Then his voice relapsed into a languid mutter. "*Canaille de vent* . . . I shall never catch him now . . . *ce sacre* Villeneuve, what luck he has (*quel veinard*) . . . if I were only on land. . . guns . . . cavalry . . . ."

He ceased. The voice of the master's mate calling to the hands aft sounded melancholy and fragile, like the final flutter of an illusion, like the last tremulous effort of the romantic imagination of man to throw a veil over the appalling face of his destiny.

J.N.F.

CHESS : Never Mind Dostoevsky

No. 251

Tolstoy has nothing to do with it either; nor the enigma of the Russian soul. When looking for a rational explanation of Russian prowess at chess let us give due credit to a magnificent organisation sponsored by the Soviet authorities. To have two World Champions (1 male, 1 female), 16 Grandmasters and 30 International Masters (each one officially recognised by the International Federation), 60 "ordinary" Masters and many hundreds of "Master Candidates," most of them good enough to do quite well in an international tournament—how did they set about it? It ceases to be a miracle when you think of the solid reservoir of two million organised chessplayers. Of course, there are many more millions of "wild" players who don't care sufficiently to join a club. But suppose you do—and the incentive is considerable—you would find a chess club at your school or college, your factory or office; you would be graded, say, "4th category" (the last but one), but if you score 65 per cent. in the next tournament you are promoted to the 3rd and you get a document admitting you to that status anywhere in the Union. Suppose you are keen and gifted and reach the 1st and you aspire to be a "Master Candidate," time and money will be no object; you will get all the coaching, leave and expenses needed to attend the relevant tournament, and then (if you are good enough), to strive for full master rank. No miracle for so generous sponsorship to produce cumulative results. No miracle to see thousands crowding a tournament hall, to see *Shakmaty*'s circulation rise to scores of thousands and to see a new chess-primer's first printing of 100,000 sold out in a few days; and no miracle at all to see such a system produce a virtually unbeatable team. Let us pursue the subject after the Bank Holiday to see why it just wouldn't be fair to complain about our men having suffered so crushing a defeat in the recent match. Here is how Alexander (Black) wrested a well deserved ½ point from Smyslov.

(1) P-QB4	P-KB4	(6) P-Q4	Kt-K5
(2) Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(7) Kt x Kt	P x Kt
(3) Kt-B3	P-KKt3	(8) Kt-K5	Kt x Kt
(4) P-KKt3	B-Kt2	(9) P x Kt	P-B3
(5) B-Kt2	Kt-B3	(10) Q-B2	B x P
(11) B x P	P-Q3	(16) P-K3	P-K3
(12) P-KR4	Q-R4 ch	(17) B-B3	Q-B4
(13) B-Q2	Q-Kt3	(18) B x B	Q x B
(14) P-R5	B-B4	(19) 0-0-0	0-0-0
(15) B x B	P x B	Draw agreed.	

More games to follow. Meanwhile, let us gratefully remember the flawless organisation of the match as well as the fine sportsmanship, good humour and sincere friendliness shown by guests, hosts and audience.

A: D. Bronstein 1945

In this week's (obviously) all-Russian competition the 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Bronstein's opponent *should* have played R-KKt1. But he blundered by Kt-Q2, thereby giving White the chance of forcing an immediate decision. How? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 points) are both draws, the former being one of his pre-war studies which Keres very kindly and for our special benefit dug out of his prodigious memory and scribbled on my score-pad. He couldn't remember the exact date, though.

B: Paul Keres

C: M. Liburkin 1951

Usual prizes. Entries by August 3rd.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 248. Set July 3

A: (1) . . . B-Q5.

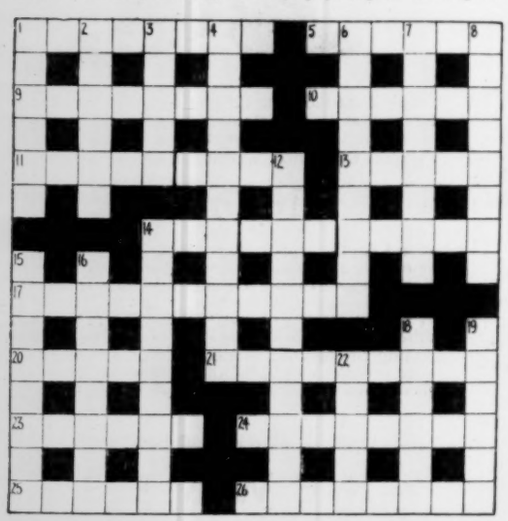
B: (1) Kt-B4! Q-Kt8 ch. (2) K-Q2, P x Kt. (3) Q-B1! P-B6 (4) K-K1, P-B7 ch. (5) K-K2, Q x Q. (6) K x Q.
If (1) . . . P x Kt. (2) Q-B1 ch., Q-Kt8. (3) K-Q2.

C: (1) Q-R5! Q x Kt. (2) Q-B7 ch., K-R1. (3) Q-K8 ch., Q-Kt1. (4) Kt-B7 ch., K-R2. (5) Q x B mate.
If (1) . . . B-Q4. (2) Kt-B5! Q x Kt. (3) Kt-K7 ch., K-R1. (4) Kt-Kt6 ch., K-Kt1. (5) Q x B mate.
If (1) . . . B-Q6 ch. (2) K-B3, Q x Kt. (3) Q-Q5 ch., K-R1. (4) Kt-B7 ch., K-Kt1. (5) Kt-R6 ch., K-R1. (6) Q-R ch., etc.

Many stumped by **C**, some by **B**. Prizes shared by W. H. L. Brooking, R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, C. Sandberg. In the 17th decade the first two are R. C. Chaturvedi (764) and R. Chandra (751) who were among the earlier decade winners; 3rd prize. C. J. Morse (671) and 4th W. T. Maccall who totted up 598 since he started from scratch as one of the 10th Decade winners in December, 1952. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 110

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 110, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Aug. 3.



ACROSS

1. Swift creature, the worker, to run off with a girl (8).
5. The town would be concealed in the grip of a Communist leader if returned (6).
9. Changing for P.T. ruins a dissolute person (8).
10. The picture taker arrived before the artist (6).
11. It sometimes blows with changes in tone (5, 4).
13. "Aspiring to be angels men ——" (Pope) (5).
14. A fool's marks (3, 3, 5).
17. They are water-front employers, and most of them cannot exist without hands (11).
20. Rime for a poet (5).
21. The end of a golden road is a small coin in the desert (9).
23. Furniture with fibres inside it (6).
24. Beauty does not seem to go with intelligence (8).
25. Entertainments start with a little drink (6).
26. The weakness of former times in the East (8).

DOWN

1. On the other side in the middle of a game (6).
2. A chance to put the creature up (6).
3. "Anything awful makes me ——" (Lamb) (5).
4. The ruler of an ancient land power longs for islands (11).
6. Help put up with classes of people making harangues (9).
7. What the forward should do for blacking (8).
8. Late with a fresh order in the dining-room, and so without a joint (8).
12. Lists of food for a penny and our appetites get on top of us (6, 5).
14. Where to eat when there is a celebration in the old country (9).
15. Deceitful warrant officer loud in the distraction of a cadet (8).
16. Broad view of gold in an American state (8).
18. Prohibition containing expression of contempt for a monkey (6).
19. Poetry union in Russia (6).
22. Reform their member of the Upper House (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 108

C	L	A	S	S	I	C	S	■	C	Y	M	B	A	L
A	■	C	P	■	O	B	■	E	■	L	■	I	■	■
P	E	R	S	E	C	U	T	E	■	S	W	O	O	N
O	■	E	■	E	■	P	■	T	■	M	■	O	■	G
N	O	S	I	D	E	■	O	R	G	A	N	D	I	E
S	■	■	W	■	R	■	O	■	N	■	S	■	R	■
■	L	E	G	A	L	I	S	T	S	■	T	H	A	I
P	■	A	■	Y	■	C	■	H	■	A	■	O	■	E
E	L	S	E	■	S	O	L	E	M	N	I	T	Y	■
R	■	T	■	G	■	C	■	D	■	A	■	■	■	C
S	T	E	A	L	T	H	Y	■	B	L	U	I	S	H
I	■	R	■	I	■	E	■	T	■	E	■	N	■	A
A	D	D	E	D	■	T	U	R	N	C	O	C	K	S
N	■	A	■	E	■	S	■	I	■	T	■	U	■	T
S	A	Y	E	R	S	■	C	O	N	S	T	R	U	E

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 108

R. Littlewood (*Eastwood*), *Miss M. H. Rowe* (*Worthing*), *A. D. Parsons* (*London, W.2*).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of University Sub-Librarian. A University degree, full professional qualifications in librarianship and at least five years' experience of library work are essential. The salary scale is £1,200 × £50 – £1,450 per annum (the scale recognised for the Provident Fund is £1,050-£1,400). In addition there is a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, academic and professional qualifications, experience, publications and research work, and knowledge of languages, and give the names of two referees to whom the University may refer. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom a memorandum on the post should be obtained) not later than September 30, 1954. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Application are invited for the position of Lecturer in Classical Archæology. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £A1,100-£A1,450 per annum with annual increments of £A50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is August 14, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in Psychology. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £A1,100-£A1,450 per annum, for a Senior Lecturer £A1,500-£A1,750 per annum, with annual increments of £A50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is August 7, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Government and Public Administration. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £A1,100-£A1,450 per annum, with annual increments of £A50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is August 14, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Education. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range of £A1,500-£A1,750 per annum, with annual increments of £A50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is August 14, 1954.

OAKWOOD Hospital, Maidstone, Kent. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker (Basic Grade) at this hospital, from candidates in possession of the Mental Health Certificate, or at present completing their training. The duties of the post will include work at Out-Patient Clinics. The establishment is three Psychiatric Social Workers. There is a hospital car for the use of the department. Applications, with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be addressed to the Medical Superintendent.

HOUSE-father and -mother or 2 house-fathers wanted for hostel, 25 maladjusted boys, home counties. Good chance ownership later for right people. Box 9876.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland, Australia. Application are invited for the position of Lecturer (Grade 1) in French. Salary £A1,140/£A1,265 p.a. Applicants should be graduates of a French University, or hold an honours degree with French as a major subject. If not a native speaker of French he must give evidence of ability to speak the language fluently and correctly and to deliver lectures in French. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applics. close, in Australia and London, on Sept. 30, 1954.

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). Applications are invited for the position of Lectureship in Geography. The position calls for qualifications in cultural (including economic) geography, with the ability to conduct post-graduate courses in economic, historical or colonial geography. Regional specialisation outside Europe, North America and the south-west Pacific would be an advantage. The salary scale for the position is from £800 to £950 per annum, plus a recent general wage increase of £92 8s. per annum. Three annual increments of £50 will be paid. The Lecturer will be expected to take up his duties on February 1, 1955, or as soon thereafter as may be arranged. An allowance will be made towards the cost of travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in New Zealand and London, is August 31, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Natal (Pietermaritzburg and Durban). Applications are invited for two Lectureships in Psychology. Candidates should have special interest in one or more of the following fields: clinical psychology (with therapeutic experience); experimental and statistical; physiological; social; industrial. The salary scale is £800 × £50—£1,050 per annum plus, in the case of married men, a variable cost of living allowance, at present £234 per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for applications in South Africa and London, is Aug. 31, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Cambridge. Faculty of Archæology and Anthropology. The post of University Assistant Lecturer in Anthropology will be vacant from October 1, 1954. Range of pensionable stipend £600 by £25 to £700 a year. A further pensionable payment of up to £120 a year is payable on the fulfilment of certain specified conditions. Applications (ten copies) must be submitted by August 25, 1954, together with the names and addresses of not more than three referees, and sent to the Secretary of the Appointments Committee, Faculty of Archæology and Anthropology, Downing Street, Cambridge, from whom further partics. can be obtained.

THE University of Leeds, Brotherton Library. Applications are invited for appointment as Assistant Librarian at a salary on the scale £450—£25—£600 a year, according to qualifications and experience. A good Honours degree is essential; professional diplomas and experience would be additional qualifications. The appointment will be effective from October 1, 1954, or as soon thereafter as may be arranged. Applications (three copies), stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) by August 21.

GRADUATES, men under 35, are invited to apply for appointment as Research Assistant in the Department of Education of the International Wool Secretariat. In addition to a good degree, preferably in history or geography, candidates should have a sound general academic background and some literary ability. Teaching experience and familiarity with the production and use of various forms of Visual Aids is desirable. Commencing salary £600, with superannuation benefits after qualifying period. Applications, stating age and date available, should be marked "Confidential R.A." and addressed to the Secretary, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1, within two weeks of the date of this advertisement.

CITY of Birmingham Museum & Art Gallery. Training Scheme. A vacancy exists for two years' training in the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery. The first year's training will be in the Department of Archæology, Ethnography and Birmingham History; the remaining year in the other Departments of the Museum and Art Gallery. Applications are invited from university graduates, men or women, age 21 to 30, salary £395-£440. For partics. apply Trenchard Cox M.A., Director, Museum & Art Gallery, Birmingham, 3.

WARDEN (Woman) required in September for small Community Centre in South London. Children's library, old people's club, evening classes and general adult activities. Opportunity for developing work with children and parents. Salary £450. Residence in Settlement available. Applications, with copies of 3 testimonials, to: Warden., Lady Margaret Hall Settlement, 131 Kennington Road, London, S.E.11.

SOLICITOR required as Legal Adviser to the Divisional Board of the West Midlands Division of the National Coal Board whose office is near Dudley, Worcestershire. Experience of the coal industry, while an advantage, is not essential, but the applicant must be an experienced, able and energetic lawyer who will take a real interest in the industry, and undertake responsibility for running a busy office concerned particularly with common law litigation, commercial work, and conveyancing. The starting salary will be according to experience, but will not be less than £2,000 per annum. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience should be submitted not later than August 14 to the Divisional Establishment Officer, National Coal Board, West Midlands Division, Himley Hall, Near Dudley, Worcs.

CIVIL Service Commission. Assistant Director of Examinations. This pensionable post in the Commission (London) with responsibility for History and General papers will be filled by interview early in September. Age 25-30 on September 1, 1954, but well qualified candidates over 30 will be considered. Qualifications: degree, preferably with first class honours, in History, or Economics with History. Good university or school teaching experience desirable; examining and interviewing experience an advantage. Duties: critical examination of draft examination papers, control of marking of candidates' work, preparation of syllabuses, general maintenance of standards, interviewing. Salary, including extra duty allowance, where payable, £507-£1,479 men, £507-£1,317 women. Starting salary up to £1,118 men, £944 women, according to age and experience. Application forms and full details from Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4357/54. Applic. forms to be returned by August 12.

MINISTRY of Education: Assistant Keepers (Second Class), Victoria and Albert Museum. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for two posts. Age at least 22 and under 26 on September 1, 1954, with extension for regular Forces service, compulsory Forces service, established Civil Service and for exceptional qualifications. Candidates must have (or obtain in 1954) an Honours degree in Arts (preferably first or second class) or other appropriate qualification. Knowledge of history of art and at least one foreign language desirable. Salary scales: Men £470 to £685. Women £470 to £580. Starting pay may be increased for approved post-graduate experience and for compulsory Forces service. Prospects of promotion to Assistant Keeper (First Class) and to Keeper. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting 137/54. To be returned by August 18, 1954.

MONMOUTHSHIRE Education Committee. Ashley House Youth and Community Centre, Pontnewydd. The services of a temporary Male Warden for a period of twelve months commencing on September 1 next are required at the above-named Centre. Preference will be given to an applicant with a University Degree or Social Science Diploma. For a qualified applicant salary will be in the range £450 × £18 to £725 with additions for graduate status, experience, etc. Further information together with application form can be obtained from the Director of Education, Further Education Section, County Hall, Newport, Mon. The final date for the submission of applications will be July 31, 1954.

OCCUPATIONAL Therapist (Male) required. Candidates should possess a recognized qualification. National Whitley Council Scale. Established, pensionable, subject to Medical examination. Applicns., giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of 3 refs., to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker in sole charge required for 4 sessions a week. Duties in connection with maladjusted children at Shaftesbury House Boarding Special School, Royston, Herts, involve a whole day visit there about once a fortnight and home visiting of parents in London. Pay 23s. 6d. a session. Particulars on application form obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (D.1), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, and returnable by August 9. (945.)

SENIOR Classics Mistress wanted in January: Greek and Latin up to Oxford and Cambridge Scholarship standard. Resident or non-resident. New Burnham Scale. Government Superannuation. Apply Headmistress, St. Felix School, Southwold, Suffolk.

VACANCY for physician in large psychiatric training hospital near American metropolis. Literacy and broad cultural background will influence appointment. Fulbright fellowship possibilities. Box 902, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y., U.S.A.

GIRLS' Club Leader (resident) to commence duty September (if possible). Age Groups 5-18 years; salary according to age and exper. Apply giving full particulars & names of 2 refs. to Warden, Grey Lodge Settlement, 9 Wellington St., Dundee.

WOMAN aged 30/40 and unattached wanted in attractive well-run Guest House, London, N.W. (10-15 guests), to eventually take charge. Honesty, hard work, cheerful temperament, in exchange wages, comfortable home and comradeship. Box 9827.

LONDON County Council.—Warden at Gisburne House Approved School, Watford. Applications for this post invited from suitably qualified and experienced women with residential experience. The school is being reorganised to accommodate 40 girls of fairly high intelligence, aged 15-17 (on admission), requiring a full programme of physical and mental activities, including home-making. Suitable girls may study for public exams. The L.C.C. Children's Committee are particularly interested in a psychiatric approach to juvenile delinquency and feel that this post offers a challenge to a woman with a sense of vocation and a background comparable at least with a psychiatric social worker's or educational psychologist's training or a social science diploma. The salary is under review but it is expected that it will be £860 × £15—£1,040, less £156 for board, lodging and laundry. Pensionable, subject to medical exam. Application form and details from Children's Officer (CH/A2/898), County Hall, London, S.E.1.

ASSOCIATION of Scientific Workers. Trade Union Organiser required to work from office in London. Commencing salary within range £600-£675 p.a. Applications should be sent to General Secretary, 15 Half Moon St., London, W.1, by August 15.

WORKERS' Educational Association, London District, require Organiser to develop Adult Education work with Trade Unions and other working class bodies. Experience in Adult Education and knowledge of Trade Union Movement desirable. Salary £550 × £25—£650. Application forms from S. Church, 28 Woburn Sq., London, W.C.1.

CHILDREN'S Service: Housemaster reqd., Wood Vale, Elder Road, S.E.27 (accom. 280 deprived children, 5-15), to be responsible for developing in the children's home life a real sense of security and affection, incl. planning out-of-school activities, cultivating spare time interests and hobbies, organising and participating in sports. Training and/or expce. essential. Cert. in res. child care an advantage. Salary, £519 x £19 2s. 6d. to £605 12s. 6d., less £94 0s. 8d. for board, lodging and laundry. 5 weeks' annual leave. Single accom. (furn. bed-sitting-room) only. Applic. forms and details (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/878), L.C.C., County Hall, London, S.E.1.

CHILDREN'S Service: (i) two Housemasters and (ii) Housefather, Class I (for relief duties) required, Hutton Res. School, Hutton, Essex (accom. approx. 500 deprived children, 2-15), to be responsible for developing in the children's home life a real sense of security and affection, including planning out-of-school activities, cultivating spare-time interests and hobbies, organising and participating in sports. Training and/or experience essential. H.O. Res. Child Care Cert. advantageous. Salary: Housemaster, £510 × £19 2s. 6d. to £605 12s. 6d.; Housefather I, £433 10s. × £12 15s. to £467 5s., both less £94 0s. 8d. for board, etc. Annual leave: Housemaster, 5; Housefather, 4 weeks. Single accom. (fur. bed sitting-room) only. Applic. form and details (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CHA/A.2./912), L.C.C. County Hall, London, S.E.1.

COUNTY Borough of West Ham. Children's Department. Applications invited for Resident Assistant and Relief Assistant Housemothers. Salary £320 × £15—£365 p.a., less £108 p.a. emoluments. Appointments subject to satisfactory medical examination and recognised conditions of service. Applications, giving full details, together with testimonial, or particulars of referee, to Children's Officer, Essex Lodge, Greengate Street, E.13, immediately.

ASSISTANT House Mothers, resident, wanted for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Minimum salary £26 13s. 0d. month less valuation of emoluments. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

THE Matron of a Worcestershire Children's Home would welcome applications from young people with sense of vocation, who are prepared to share community life around children aged three to sixteen years. Interesting work; experience not essential. All letters answered and candidates for interview will be paid expenses. Box 9823.

WORKS Magazine Editor required by manufacturing organisation in West London. Should be well educated, preferably arts graduate with some industrial experience in personnel management or similar sphere. Write age, qualifications, experience and salary required, to Box 9837.

COPYWRITER. Applications are invited for the position of copywriter in the advertising department of leading photographic firm near London. Experience advantageous but not essential. Age not above 30. Non-contributory pension scheme. Apply Box 9797.

WANTED: English - German - speaking housekeeper-companion to old lady in own small house, London. No heavy cleaning. Own room, adequate salary and free time. PAL. 9649 8-10 a.m. or write, 27 Mayfield Avenue, London, N.14.

EXPD. secretary, able work own initiative, small office manufrs. & exporters. Closed Jewish holidays. Write Convex, 41 Breckneck Rd., N.7. Nr. Camden Town.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Free Hospital School of Medicine (University of London), Hunter Street, W.C.1. Two vacancies in School Office: (a) Secretary to Dean, with some general administrative duties. Graduate preferred. (b) Accountant's Clerk. Experience essential for both posts. Salary £425 × £15—£500. Applications, with names of two referees, to Secretary as soon as possible.

NATIONAL women's organisation requires Assistant Secretary for appointment September. Commencing salary £450, superannuation scheme. Apply, marking envelope "Application," by August 23, to Executive Officer, Fed. of Soroptimist Clubs of Gt. Britain and Ireland, 63 Bayswater Rd., London, W.2.

SOCIETY requires assistant with knowledge of shorthand, typewriting and routine work associated with journal publication. Knowledge of film industry desirable but not essential. Five-day week. Box 9821.

SECRETARY wanted, for three months anyhow, possibly permanent. Typing/shorthand and driving essential. Country interests, common sense, good references. £5 a week and accommodation in modernised farmhouse, if temporary bedroom, meals in house, if permanent further arrangements. For West Scotland but write Mrs. Mitchison, 2 Harcourt Buildings, Temple, London, E.C.4.

YOUNG German shorthand-typist 20-25 wanted temporarily by German educational organisation London. £6 p.w. Box 9853.

OFFICE supervisor of junior staff reqd. for City Office. Age over 25 yrs. Commencing salary £8 15s. No Sats. Box 9863.

IRVING Theatre Club, Leic. Sq., req. Receptionist, knidg. lettering; hours 3-12 p.m. £4 10s. Interviews 6-7 p.m.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and shorthand typists wanted for temporary work on our Emergency Staff; 10-5, no Sats. £7. Introductions to good perm. posts without fee. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

ARTIST for textbook illustration and filmstrips (part-time). Box 9661.

NATIVE teachers required for evening classes. Foreign languages and English for foreigners. Box 9660.

ADULT (Female) Pool Shorthand-Typist (Westminster district) required. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £7 10s. 6*d*. per week, rising to £8 10s. 6*d*. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 9800.

SECRETARY to live in country house on bus route North Wiltshire for farm and private work. Must be fond of children and prepared to take active responsibility with Nannie in owners' absence. Box 2288, Blackford's Advertising, Bristol.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

ST. STEPHEN'S Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1, & 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (near Victoria Station), welcomes temporary sh./typists & copy typists. Short hours. No Sats. Up to £7 10s. p.w.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

QUAKER Workers in Northern Greece require help from September for one year minimum with sons 5½ and 2½. Simple living conditions. Return fare and pocket money. Apply Box 9843.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BACHELOR, 32, exper. travelling, clerical, literary bent, fond of children, music, reqs. post access Hastings. Industrious, homely, adaptable. A.1 personal integrity. Suggestions. Mod. salary. Box 9930.

ARTS Grad. (M.), 27, exp. education admin., interested art, drama, law, sks. post, N.E. pred. Salary important. Box 9609.

YOUNG man, 29, fluent French, sound knowledge of Europe, seeks position London abroad, preferably literary/publishing work, commerce considered. Box 9547.

A NEW career required by film technician, 32. Public School education. Good at figures, good appearance. Will consider any work in London with prospects. Must have stability. Will accept low grade position to gain experience. Box 9453.

WOMAN, educ., cultured, widely trav., sks. job driving for priv. or prof. person or company; expert all vehicles. Wd. combine secretarial/receptionist duties. Box 9664.

YOUNG woman seeks residential job, domestic or otherwise, where school-age son would also be welcome. Box 9681.

LADY, 50, Univ., domesticated, sks. work residential/otherwise. Pref. with schl. holidays. Anything considered. Box 9865.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Duntaven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

COLLEGE Secretary (m., 39) seeks more responsible post; strong personality, astute administrative judgment, wide interests. Minimum £750. Box 9771.

SOCIALLY conscious, talented young man (21) wants useful work. Unusual hours acceptable. Box 9815.

ENERGETIC young lady sks. non-routine post offering scope for originality. Can shorthand-type. Modelling exp. Box 9835.

YOUNG woman, pleasant, adaptable, B.A., Soc. Science Cert., languages, typing; interested people, art, books, seeks work, preferably London. Box 9607.

DUTCH lady, 48, seeks position as companion or housekeeper. Speaks fluent English, French and German. Box 9825.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12*s*. 6*d*./15*s*. 6*d*. B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s*. daily.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3*gns*. wk. Dble. 5*gns*. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Potters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

LONDON, W.1. Quiet, attractive room, 3*gns*. 4th flr., ckg. fac., lady. Box 9851.

DIVAN-bed-sit. rm. Suit gentleman. Modern house, Brondesbury. Box 9838.

NOTTING Hill Gate. Attr. serv. rooms with breakfast (other meals opt.). H. & C. Cooking facils. All conv. Single from £2 17*s*. 6*d*. Double from £4. Lounge with television. Private garden. 13 Stanley Crescent, W.11. PARk 8586/8296.

LARGE comf. fur. sgle. rm. Hampstead. Ckg. facs. £2 10*s*. wkly. MAI. 6163.

FRIENDLY grad. cple. offer home in priv. flat, quiet res. area S.E. Lon. Own divan rm., meals, ltg., tel., serv. 4½*gns*. p.w. inc. 2 sharing, £4 p.w. Bkfst. only 3*gns*., sharing 55*s*. No restrns. Overseas pers. welc. Box 9758.

SUPERIOR Divan bed-sitts., newly dec./furn. Very large doubles, also single. Every conven. Close buses/Tube. Gentlemen only. 75*s*. & 42*s*. incl. light. MAIda Vale 0908 after 6 p.m., anytime week-end.

TWO bed-sits., ckg. facils. C.H.W. 10 mins. Victoria. £2 each. Box 9875.

LARGE sunny well-furn. rm., ckg. facs., c.l., c.h.w., use 'phone, gdn. PRI. 6819.

ODD Corner King's X Canal, semi-basement, divan-sitt. rm., kit.-din. rm. Use bathrm. Sep. entr. Contemp. style. 3*gns*. incl. elec., linen, c.h.w. Tel. TER. 0650. Also 4-room flat for August approx.

ST. John's Wood. Half furn. flat, 4 rooms, kitchen, bathroom, garden. 7*gns*. 'Phone Amersham 512, after 8.

LARGE double divan-rooms to let at £2 10*s*. weekly. Cooking facilities, bath, linen provided. 2 mins. tube and buses. Goodings, 5 The Chase, S.W.4. Mac. 3188.

BED-sitting room, use k. & b., in Hampstead flat. Good shopping, buses, trains. Ladies only. MAIda Vale 4606.

LARGE attrac. rooms. Quiet house. Ckg. facils. Business people. View evenings 6-8 (ex. Tues.) 220 Finchley Rd. (by Frognal).

SMALL single room, 30*s*. p.w. incl. heating, use kit. HAMpstead 1581 aft. 6.

SUNNY bed-sit. room overlkg. garden. Bathroom, tel. adjacent. All facils. By river. Putney. 37*s*. 6*d*. p.w. Box 9710.

WESTMINSTER. Comf. bed-sit. rm. in large flat, incl. light, heat, bed-linen, constant h.w., 'phone, use of kitchen. Suit prof. or business woman. Box 9705.

YNG. woman graduate offers share double-storey furn. flat, W.2, with similar. £3 p.w. excl. Refs. reqd. Box 9708.

COMFORTABLE bed-sitting room with all conveniences. 5 Stirling Mansions, 12 Canfield Gdns., N.W.6. MAI. 0157.

EXCEPTIONALLY comf. bed-sitting room, use bathroom & kit. Bungalow, Edgware. Nr. Bakerloo/Northern Line. Sole guest. Suit prof. woman. Box 9542.

TO let, single and double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

WEMBLEY. Large sit.-rm., sep. bedrm., garage, bkfast. if reqd., suitable single gentleman. MONarch 6521, Mon.-Fri. 10-6.

TO let: furn. sgle. bed-sit., kit., bath. £2 5*s*. LAD. 4389, after 6 p.m.

EXCELLENT bedsitter offered by young graduate couple. Good k & b. facils. WES. 4295 after Monday.

ATTRACTIVE single bed-sitt., cent. htg., own tel. ext., use gdn., bath, kit., to let in quiet flat. HAMpstead 0244.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

TO let: charmingly furn. bed-sitting room in private house W.1. Telephone. Use bathroom & kitchen. Suit one person. Refs. £3 3*s*. weekly. 'Phone MUSeum 8565 evgs.

CHARM. flat, furn. with taste for 2/3 adults, adj. lovely common. Nr. bus/tube/shops. £5 5*s*. Garage avail. STR. 4389.

PLEAS. div.-room overlkg. gdns. Cooker, use bath (c.h.w.), tel. 2 mins. Finchley Rd. Tube. Pref. young woman. MAI. 9149.

ST. John's Wood, s/c furn. balc. flat to let 3 weeks from mid-Aug. Box 9779.

FURN. large dining-room/kitchen, bedroom, bathroom, h. & c. w. Suitable prof. couple, students. Tel. LAD. 3938.

TO let nr. Olympia. Charming newly-decorated furnished maisonette. Sitting-room, small office, telephone, large kitchen, bathroom, two bedrooms, gas-fires, boxroom. 7½*gns*. per week including cleaning. Box 9787.

BED-SIT. rm. Own gas-cooker. Use bath & tel. S.E.24. Box 9901.

DOUBLE & single furn. rooms, pleasant, comfortable, cheap. PRI. 5602.

COMFORTABLE sgle. bed-sitt. All facils. Maida Vale. 37*s*. 6*d*. wk. CUN. 6333.

SECLUDED 2-roomed garden flat, St. John's Wood, to let furnished six weeks end July., 5*gns*. p.w. PRI. 2832.

BUS./prof. woman offered bed-sit. All convs. W. London. £2 p.w. SHE. 1764.

HOLIDAYS in the heart of Sussex. Large 17th Cent. cottage to let. Aug. 7-21. 4 bedrms., 3 rec. Gdn. produce. Box 9789.

EDINBURGH, avail. now to Sept. 13 (end Festival), comf. furn. hse., central. Linen, etc., prov. 3 bedrms., every conv., tel. Mod. rent to incl. some service. Melville & Lindesay, W.S., 110 George St., Edinburgh, 2.

TADWORTH, furnished house with garden to let Sept. Sleep 3. Lovely walks. 45 mins. London. 4*gns*. weekly. Good reference required. Box 9699.

SECLUDED caravan mid-Sussex farm. 4-berth, Dunlopillo, Calor cooker, fully equipped. 5*gns*. weekly. Box 9668.

BETWEEN Looe & Polperro: From Aug. 28. Furn. bungalow, 3 bedrms., bath., mod. cons. Also cottage, sim. acc. 4 mins. beach. Blackhurst, Porthallow, Nr. Looe.

FURNISHED cottage and garden, all electric, Wye Valley. After August. 10*s*. p.w. Permanent let. Box 9852.

OBAN, Scotland. Up to 3 people offered share flat early Sept. fortnight by graduate (45). About £2 p.w. each. Car available. Box 9775.

COUPLE with w/e. flat by sea require pied à terre (weekly use) in Regent's Pk. district. Reas. rental. Year's agreement/longer if mutually agreeable. Please ring Freeman, MOU. 4874, or write Box 9902.

YOUNG professional man requires reasonable accommodation, preferably Highgate district. Medium-sized room. Box 9897.

WANTED: Furn./unfurn. accom. conven. West End. Father & daughter (18). Congenial, prolonged stay from end Sept. Light housekeeping facilities. Moderate. Barrett, 27 East Street, Newquay, Cornwall.

1/2 furn. rms. top floor family hse. Cent. Lond. reqd. by prof. wmn. Box 6774.

LECTURER seeks small bedroom near Regent's Park, on return from Geneva (late August). Box 9719.

PIANIST (f.) urgently reqs. accom. (pref. unf. house or flat). FUL. 2906 Box 9712.

ANALYTICAL chemist, 25, wife, baby, urg. need furn./unfurn. accom. W./N.W. London area. Please write Box 9650.

MARRIED couple req. furn. flat (£3-£4 p.w.). Wife professional musician, own grand piano. Prasad, 138 Hedge Lane, N.13.

WANTED, furn./unfurn. flat for yng. couple in Central London. Box 9871.

CIVILISED, cultured couple with piano need s.c. accom. London before Sept. 1. Privacy & reasonable price. Box 9817.

MUSIC student (f.) requires accom. with board. Willing do light housework exch. reduction in rent. Box 9683.

YOUNG prof. couple req. unf. 2/3-rm. s/c flat. Willing pay some rent in advance. Max. rent £150 p.a. No agents. Any good district within 30 mins. W. End. Excellent refs. Good tenants. Box 9803.

WANTED: Well-furnished flat or small house from October 15, '54, till April 15, '55. Sleeping accom. for 4 adults, lounge, kitchen, bathroom, etc. Tel. Central heating preferred. Box 9729.

WANTED before winter, rooms, cottage, flat, pref. unfurn. ground floor, S.E. England, by 2 ladies. Box 9868.

WILL someone holidaying Aug. 21-Sept. 5 let bungalow, interesting part S. England to 3 adults, 1 careful child. Refs. given. Box 9819.

FURN. cottage or small house suitable 4 adults, 2 infants, wanted fortnight in September. Full partics. to Box 9870.

BELFAST. Civil Servant (m.) requires pied-à-terre in or near Belfast. Board not essential. Box 9805.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

CANADIAN Research Student, married, reqs. unfurn. flat, central London, Sept. for 1 year. Would pay some advance rent. Box 9948.

HAS anyone empty cottage or furn. hut to be looked after during Aug. for next-to-no-rent by young writer seeking seclusion? Kent, Sussex or West. Box 9880.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Colonial Challenge to Labour" articles by Jim Griffiths, A. Creech Jones, Fenner Brockway, Sir Leslie Plummer, W. Coldrick and John Hatch appear in "Forward" available from all newsagents, price 3*d*. (2*s*. 6*d*. for nine weeks from 308 Clyde St., Glasgow, C.1.)

READERS of "The New Statesman and Nation" will be interested in the "International Journal of Sexology." This Journal with Editors in 23 countries discusses at a sober, scientific and yet intelligible level the various problems of sex referring to human relations in the field of social, marital and personal life. It is run on non-profit basis. Subscription £1 2*s*. p.a., post free (4 issues); single copy 6*s*. post free from British Agents: A. Vernon Keith & Co., Dept. IJS, Napier House, 24/7 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

"ONE World or None." 8 pp. illustrated broadsheet. Chaplin, Robeson, Cllr. Dixon of Coventry, Pritt, Schaffer. Articles on Peace and World Security. 4*d*. British Peace Committee, 81 City Rd., E.C.1.

"THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16*s*. 3*d*. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

NEWLY discovered writings by Lenin on the U.S.A. First Translation in the July "Labour Monthly." Also: R.P.D. on the Washington Talks. 1*s*. 6*d*. all agents. Or 9*s*. half year's sub. from 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

"THE Prince Philip Story" in the current issue of "Reader's Review" raises a question that only you can answer. From newsagents, or 1*s*. 9*d*. post free from 140 Salisbury Square House, E.C.4.

GRAMOPHONE Record Reviews by Neville Cardus, Joan Chissell, Scott Goddard, Dyneley Hussey, William Mann, Humphrey Searle, etc. "The Gramophone Record Review," 1*s*. monthly. Sample copies 1*s*. 2*d*. post paid. 4a Truro Rd., St. Austell.

BOOKS purchased. Books on most subjects wanted, large or small collections. Inspection and advice without obligation in town or country. We are especially interested in books on the history & criticism of English Literature, but will buy any books of quality. Lowther Books, 14 William IVth St., W.C.2. TEM. 9243.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47*s*. 6*d*.; Life (Int.), 57*s*. 6*d*.; Popular Mechanics 32*s*.; Popular Photography 36*s*.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

WHAT are you reading? Join The Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, for interesting psychological works. Why not write for details?

ANY book from Staunton, Church Hill Cott., Ringmore, nr. Teignmouth, Devon.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

£1 paid: Borkenau, Communist Int'l.; Rosenberg, Hist. Bolshevism. Wants list from Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day and Boarding School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children. Vacancies available for day pupils and two boarders.

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RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St. W.1. REGent 2803. Founded 1901.

PERSONAL

LADY offers 2 seats car going France-Spain Aug. 23-Sept. 8 for friends (f) age 35-50, 1 driver. Share exps. Box 9773.

LADY (36) wishes to join party with car going to Continent France/Italy. Phone after 7 p.m. Speedwell 1548.

AUTUMN Holidays in central Lakeland, furn. bungalow to let; acc. 4. Sept., Oct. and later. Box 9841.

YOUNG Swiss man wd. like join car-owner (m.) share cost hostel hol. Scotland or lift 2 weeks soon. Goudhurst 212.

GERMAN girl, 21, wishes visit England 3 months in autumn, willing assist with children, housework, also German lessons or en exchange basis. Write to R. Schulte, Godesberg, Hohenzollernstrasse 15, Germany.

YOUNG man (32) wd. join other(s) going pref. Italy, Spain, about September 11. Share car expenses. Lipscomb, "Beaconsfield," Bushey Heath, Herts.

GRADUATE (f.) cont. training, shs. room only in return baby-sitting. Box 9871.

1 or 2 needed share expenses Austin A40 leaving for Switzerland Aug. 12, returning 29, 30. PRImrose 7053.

TWO seats wanted car to Spain mid-Sept. or vacs. priv. party. GLA. 7918.

FRENCH girl reqs. holiday work looking after young children. Box 9916.

COLLECTOR wishes to obtain self portrait of Mark Gertler. Offers or information to Box 9786.

RESPONSIBLE yng. man, Public School, Univ., extremely fit, speaks French: car, shs. active employment. Aug./Sept. Box 9931.

AMERICAN, but not too obnoxious about it, owning station wagon, has 1-3 vacancies fortnight leisurely inexp. tour Britain, start July 28-29. Ditto for Continent, beg. from Aug. 19 to Holland. Mill Hill 3507.

EDITORIAL position. Architect, 28, keen interest in writing, seeks change profession. Box 9910.

TWO prof. men offer lift to Venice via Paris. Aug. 20. Share costs. Box 9929.

GERMAN youth, 17 yrs., wishes stay with English family, August, paying guest. Gutmann, 49 The Ave., London, N.W.6.

JULY 31-August 14: A few vacancies on holiday with air travel. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5916.

JOIN house party for swimming, sailing, tennis, dancing hol. Aug. Box 9441.

GERMAN Banker, wishing to improve English, seeks accommodation in Autumn with cultured London family as paying guest or exchange. Box 9723.

BACHELOR (28), planning ahead, seeks companion (m) for holidays 1955. Expenses shared. Suggestions for type of holiday welcome. Box 9505.

ADVICE sought in launching national appeal. Box 9555.

PAINTING for Pleasure. Join a small congenial group for a wonderful holiday on the Costa Brava. Expert tuition. First-class hotel & cuisine. Beginners welcome. 20 days by rail or 15 days by air: 65*gns.* incl. Departures mid-Sept. Partics: Johnson Travel, Laindon Frith, Billericay, Essex.

MARRIED couple with gay and cheerful disposition, living in Warwickshire, offer occasional hospitality to similar couple. Write Box 9665.

CORNWALL. Saint Peter's Loft. School of Art. Peter Lanyon, William Redgrave, Terry Frost. Studio and Workshop. Apply Secretary, Saint Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Accommodation arranged.

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MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

ORDINARY Writing at 100-120 words per min. All langs. Test less. 2½*d.* Dutton Speedwords NS, 92/3 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

PERSONAL—continued

EASIBINDER "self-binding" cases will hold your "New Statesman" as if they were in a bound volume! Maroon rexine cloth, titled in gold, 13*s.* 6*d.*, post free, from The Publishers, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

TOYNBEE Hall. Residential accommodation for young man interested in voluntary social service or enquiry. For particulars and fee apply Sub-Warden, 28 Commercial Street, E.1.

EXHIBITING artist, experienced teacher children & adults, reqs. part-time post, London area. Box 9680.

STUDIO Pottery at W.11. Half share for sale. Large electric kiln. Rent 10*s.* p.w. only. £500 o.n.o. Box 9776.

"THE Art of Seeing." Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

EXCHANGE service between England and Israel for visitors, students or families. Enquiries: Dr. I. Reich, 35 East Overcliff Drive, Bournemouth.

CAR-owner (m.) seeks passenger (m.) to Hamburg starting Aug. 3. Box 9760.

YNG. man (28) shs. 1/2 others (m.) canal hol. 1/2 wk.(s) early Oct. Box 9764.

SCULPTOR reqs. work. Diligent, versatile craftsman, own workshop. Box 9767.

YOUNG woman shs. companion (f.) continental hol., July 26-Aug. 30. Box 9768.

BABY-lover offers sit-in 5.30-10.30, fortnightly. W. Lon. No charge. Box 9801.

AU Pair—Educ. yng. French lady, wide cultural interests, at present in Paris, shs. part-time work for pocket money in family to improve English. Box 9810.

GUITAR lessons. Technique/theory/harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

PIANO lessons wanted by Pakistani gentleman. Pref. convenient Sloane Square area. Please write Box 9814.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

YOUNG lady seeks holiday companion (f) or small party visiting Switzerland or Italy August 22 to Sept. 4. Box 9709.

PHYSICS, Chemistry and Maths. coaching by young Cambridge graduate. Evgs./week-ends. Calder. VIG. 4041 (Sutton).

LADY 40's shs. travel. compan. (f) end Aug. 3 wks. Geneva, Paris. Box 9676.

MINIA-IMAGES of children (figurine, head or medallion) modelled from your favourite snapshot, 3-4in. high; from £3. Write Miss E. P., 9 Porchester Sq., W.2, or call "The Turret," 36B Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WES. 6870.

CANADA—young woman emigrating 1955 seeks another as companion. Box 9621.

MEETINGS, Lects. Irving Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657, seats 100, avlble. fr. 10.30.

PICTURE Bargains: £1-£10: Signed originals by Brangwyn, John, Sutherland, Tunnicliffe, Sickert, Skeaping, Duncan Grant, Etty, Nevinson, Meninsky, Dunlop, Bevan, McEvoy, Fry, Dulac and Nicholas Bentley. Box 9359.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PERSONAL—continued

AUSTRIA: you are still in time to join one of our informal parties to the Tyrol, Carinthia, or the Salzburg Lake District. Tickets for the Salzburg Festival available. 16 days' holiday from 25½*gns.* Departures: July 30, August 13, 27, September 11. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

SEE Spain in sunshine! We still have a few vacancies for our 15-day escorted tours to Costa Brava from 29*gns.*, Barcelona/Ibiza from 36*gns.*, Barcelona/Palma from 38*gns.*, from mid-August and in September. Free brochure and details from See Spain, Ltd. (Dept. NS), 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. Tel. MUSeum 9351/2.

WINTER Sports: are you planning to arrange your own party? We shall be pleased to help you with arrangements and offer a free holiday to organisers of parties of 16 minimum. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

YUGOSLAVIA. A few seats still available on our 16-day Grand Conducted Luxury Coach Tour visiting Ljubljana, Zagreb, Banja Luka, Sarajevo, Mostar, Dubrovnik (5 days) Split, Sibenik, Crikvenica, Bled, 52*gns.* inclusive of all excursions and visit to Kotor and Cetinje. Special departures August 7 and 21, Sept. 4. Send for free illustrated brochure to See Yugoslavia, Ltd. (Dept. NS), 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

HALL of Institute of Journalists available for mtgs. Seats up to 100. Mod. rental. Apply Gen. Sec., 2-4 Tudor St., E.C.4.

P.S. Many of Harold Ingham's summer parties were fully booked in March. Winter ski parties will also fill up early, so write now to 15 St John's Rd., Harrow, and put your name down for a programme.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

LLEDR Valley, nr. Bettws-y-Coed. Ty Llwyd Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, N. Wales, offers enjoyable hols. to country lovers. Ideal walking, motoring, fishing. Din., bd., bkfst 5*gns.* Dolwyddelan 241.

DORSET. The Court Hotel, Charmouth, offers ideal holiday accommodation. Reduced terms Oct. to May for residents.

SIMPLE Country Guest House in lovely Cotswold Valley (under new management). Ideal walking and motoring. 5-6*gns.* Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 6-7½*gns.* St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

LAKES Charm. old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 2334.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6*gns.* George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanwrst 166.

FOR the country-lover: Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London. Ideal holiday, walking, cycling, motoring. Good food, home prod., lge. gdn. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

PAINTING holiday in unique circumstances. 9*gns.* weekly. Good cellar, good cooking, 3,000-volume library. Brochure from The Gallery in The Hills, Longformacus, Berwickshire.

PAYING Guests welc. Modernised farmhse. Ideally sitd. Wenlock Edge, Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

THE Continental, St. Leonards-on-Sea, member Hastings Socialist Hoteliers' Assn., invites your patronage. (Illus. brochure.)

RECUPERATION at Higham Health Centre in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health, lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126.

KENT XVth century farmhouse in wooded Downs with orchard & meadows. Ideal walking c'ntry. Full bd. £5 wk. Elmsted 353. H. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted, Ashford.

CROMER, sunspot of the Norfolk coast. Comf. family hotel, good food, children welcome. Res. proprietress, 6½-7*gns.* p.w. St. Rhadegunds, Vicarage Rd. Tel. 250811.

WRITER'S wife welcomes P.G.s, cottage Fowey, Cornwall. 5-5½*gns.* Breakfast and evening dinner. Write Box 9216.

THE Hallams, Nr. Shamley Green, Guildford. A beautiful guest house in the Surrey hills, ideal holiday or week-end. Mod. terms. Excel. catering. Tel. Bramley 306811.

OLD Sussex Village. Comfortable accom. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Riding stables attached; 5*gns.* wk. Summer 6*gns.* Robertsbridge 148.

COTSWOLDS. Cottage Guest House. Excellent centre; good food; 15*s.* 6*d.* daily, £4 15*s.* 0*d.* wkly. Vacancies from Aug. 14. Brochure: Tansley, The Yew Trees, Cockleford, Cowley, Cheltenham.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

CHARMOUTH House, Charmouth, Dorset. Tel. 19. The small hotel for people of discrimination. Some vacancies from mid-September. Special winter terms Nov.-May.

SOUTH Cornwall. Lt.-Comdr. Selby receives a few paying guests, comf. home, gd. food. Mild winters. Torrevean, Porthleven.

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, North Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Details: Paul and Beryl Work.

KESWICK - on - Derwentwater. Highfield Vegetarian Guesthouse. The Heads, amid beaut. lake & mntn. scenery, offers friendliness, comf., 1st cl. fd. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses, The Bide-a-While Book, 3*s.* 6*d.*, postage 3*d.* Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. 32.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 8*gns.* Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

BETWS-y-Coed District. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 7*gns.* Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

LAKE District. Wastwater, Scafell, Eskdale, Seascale district. Table tennis, billiards, extensive grounds. Irton Hall Hotel (lic'd.), Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

THERE'S only one way to rest. Get away from home and the odd jobs. Have breakfast in bed. Good food and deep sleep, fresh air, at Kathleen Batten's hotel, Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Sharpthorne 17.

AUGUST cancellations cause unexpected vacancies at Brewery Farm House, Gt. Mongeham, Deal (1195), where families, especially those with tiny babies, are made very welcome. All baby equip. provided! Bus to sea 2½ mls. Brochure sent with pleasure.

BEXHILL. The Thorne, Ninfield Road (Ninfield 212). Country House, spacious grounds, near sea. Children welcome. Own produce, preserves, poultry. Homely. Recommended. Write brochure.

AFTER the rain comes Sunshine! Book for a late holiday in glorious Devon. "Sea-View" Guesthouse, Woolacombe, adjoining beach. Mod. terms. Also furn. bungalows to let. Mrs. Garness. Tel. 44.

BELGIAN Coast: Priv. hotel with glorious sands welcomes British visitors. Homely, family atmosph.; best food; really restful holiday. Mod. terms. "Les Mouettes," Digue de Mer, 6, Wenduine. (10 mls. Ostende.)

MEGEVE (H. Savoie), France. 3,000ft., all sports, pure mountain air, sun cure, first-class comfortable Hotel. H. & c. all rooms, excellent cuisine. Moderate terms from 1,800*frs.* (£1 16*s.*) per day full board. Children welc. English spoken. Few vacs. Write Hôtel Le Megève, Megève, France.

NR. Paris (12 miles) by metro (Tube)—20 min. Residence Hôtel Chateau Lozère s/Yvette (S. & O.). Luxuriously furnished bed-sitting rooms, h. & c. w., large garden, excellent cuisine. Mod. terms. 1,750*frs.* per day full board, children 1,000*frs.* per day. Open whole year. Write Box 9912.

"TO be my constant companion on every journey by road henceforth. Could any secular book be more precious?" John Connell, Evening News, "The Good Food Guide, 1954," contains recommendations by Good Food Club members of over 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Published by Cassell, 5*s.*

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9895.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA 3012.

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AUG 26 1955

ENTERTAINMENTS

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.30. (Membership 2s. 6d. p.a.)

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evs. ex. Mn. 10, Sun. 9. "Late Night Party." Drinks obtainable fr. 3 p.m. Saloon prices. Mem. 5s. yr.

CASINO. M./F 7.45. S. 2.30 and 8.30 W. 2.30 Moscow Puppets. Unusual Concert.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Aug 1: Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, Vittorio de Sica in Max Ophuls' "Madame De . . ." (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., July 25, 7.30. Le Rosier de Mme. Husson. (A).

NATIONAL Film Th., South Bank, Wat. 3232. Sat. July 24. Marlene Dietrich in "The Flame of New Orleans" (A). Dir. by René Clair. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

JEAN Vigo's "Zero de Conduite" and "Volga-Don Canal" (colour) presented by Ilford New Era Film Society (VAL. 8406) at "Little Theatre," High Road, Ilford, 7.30 p.m., Sunday, July 25.

I.C.A. Dancing to Dave Stevens Trio, Saturday, July 24, 8-11 p.m., at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Members 3s., Guests 5s. Mem'ship invited.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Diamond Jubilee Season. Royal Albert Hall, Sat., July 24, to Sat., Sept. 18. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30. Tickets: 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

SATURDAY, July 24, at 3 p.m., St. Marylebone Parish Church. The Renaissance Society presents Tenth Anniv. Recital. Byrd: Mass for 5 voices & Great Service. Renaissance Singers. Dir.: Michael Howard.

THE Younger People's Section of the Technion Society invite you to a Musical Evening on Sunday, July 24, at 8 p.m., to be held at 17 Spencer Drive, N.2, by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Birn. Miss June Rose-Oliver—piano, Mr. Sidney Ledermann—violin, Miss Marguerite Kane—mezzo soprano, and her accompanist, Miss Valda Plucknett. Reservations from Miss C. Bernhard, 85 Stanhope Ave. (FIN. 4959). Donation 7s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

GOYA. An exhibition of Drawings, Etchings & Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes July 25. Fri., Sat. 10-6, Sun. 2-6. 1s.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Paintings of Red Indians by George Catlin, 1794-1872; International Photography by Combined Societies, 1954. Until August 8. Weekdays 11-6; Suns. 2-6; closed Mons. Admission free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French Paintings XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition of 1954. Hours 10—6, Sat. 10—1. Closes Aug. 28.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Claude Monet (1840-1926) in aid of The British Empire Cancer Campaign. 2s., Students 1s. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

MASTERPIECES from Sao Paulo. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Aug 15. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, London. Exhibition of early Wedgwood. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Recent paintings by Fahr-el-Nissa Zeid. Daily 10.30-6. Closed Sundays. Until July 31. Members free. Admission 1s.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air, Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk. Admission 1s. 3d., Children 9d.

ROYAL College of Art Exhibition of Industrial Design. Royal College of Art, Western Galleries, Imperial Institute Road, S.W.7. July 10-24 incl. 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. weekdays & Saturdays.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Royal Plate from Buckingham Palace. The State and Private Apartments completely furnished. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily inc. Sunday.

GIORGIO Morandi. Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings & Prints. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Closes July 24. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Adm. 1s.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Parallels in Modern Painting. Closing July 31.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. "Of Light and Colour"—Summer Exhibition.

PAINTINGS by Harold Wood. July 13-Aug. 22. The Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave., London, W.C.2.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise. Annual event at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Summer Exhibition. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

WEST African Students' Union, 29th Anniversary Celebrations: July 29-August 2. Thursday, July 29, 7 p.m., Conway Hall, W.C.1. Public meeting. Speakers: V. O. Ibeneme, President WASU, R. W. Sorenson, M.P. Concert by West African, West Indian, Cypriot, Malayan, Egyptian cultural groups and Orlando Martins. In attendance: High Commissioner of India, Egyptian Ambassador, Liberian Ambassador, Lord Hailsham, Lord Strabolgi, D. N. Pritt, Q.C., R. B. Wellesley Cole, F.R.C.S., Dr. S. D. Cudjoe. Friday and Saturday, July 30 & 31, Conference on "Problems of West African Students," at the Imperial Institute, S.W.7. Friday, July 30-Monday, August 2, Exhibition of West African Arts and Crafts, at WASU Centre, 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3. Daily 7.30 p.m.-10.30 p.m. Saturday, July 31, Social evening at WASU Centre, 7.30 p.m.-11 p.m. All welcome. Sunday, August 1, WASU Dinner, WASU Centre, 6 p.m. (5s. each). Film show to follow Dinner. Monday, August 2, Table Tennis Tournament, 2 p.m.-4 p.m. WASU Centre, Fancy Dress Ball, Chelsea Town Hall, 7.30 p.m.-11.30 p.m. Judges: Winifred Atwell, Naomi Lewis and David Low.

GERMAN Rearmament: a further Meeting for Labour Party G.M.C. members on Thursday, July 29, 7.30, at "Pindar of Wakefield," 3-8 Gray's Inn Rd., nr. King's Cross.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc., Wed., July 28, 7.30. Adeva Angadi: "The Role of India in World Affairs." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

"COLOURED People in Britain"—Colin Jones, New Generation Group, Stanfield House, Prince Arthur Road, Nr. Hampstead Tube. Mon., July 26, at 8.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Mr. Dennis Simms, Chairman of the Association, on "Oppenheimer and the Impact of Society upon the Scientist." Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1 (next Dominion Th.) on Monday, July 26, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

J. HUTTON HYND: "Summers Enjoyed in U.S.A." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., July 25, at 6.30 p.m.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, July 23. Cedric Dover, "Perspectives on Racialism." Friday, July 30. Closed. Recommencing September 3.

ASIAN Music Circle. Next monthly meeting Oct. 11, devoted to Chinese music. Further meetings on Ceylonese, Indian-Pakistani, Japanese, etc., music. All information from Sec. 18 Fitzalan Rd. N.3. FIN. 2934.

SHAW Society: Ramble in Kent (Wrotham-Tonbridge); July 25, 11 a.m., by Platform 9, Victoria. Enquiries & "Shavian": 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays 8 p.m. July 25 "Psychic Faculties."

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays, 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for July 27: "The Mind & How to Use It." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

NATURE Cure Training. The Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics. There is still time to enroll. New session begins this autumn. Full particulars and preliminary requirements from the Secretary, Kingston, Edinburgh, 9. "Nature Cure from the Inside" by post 8s.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

MONTESSORI 34th International Diploma Course will be held in London from September 29, 1954, to March 31, 1955. Open to psychologists, therapists, teachers, nurses and parents. Preliminary Course for parents and governesses, September 29 to December 18, 1954. Lectures three evenings per week. These are the only courses in London authorised by the International Montessori Association (A.M.I.), and embody much new material in scientific pedagogy and child psychology derived from the latest international research conducted by the A.M.I. Prospectus on application to Sec., Maria Montessori Training Organisation, 1 Park Crescent, W.1. MUSeum 7425.

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B.A. (General), G.C.E. (Adv.). No fees for full-time courses Londoners under 18. Others: fees mod. North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

AUGUST Bank Holiday week July 31/Aug. 7. Fabian Summer School, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Book now. Also vacancies at Frensham Heights, Farnham, Aug. 14/21. Speakers include Mark Abrams, Walter Allen, Arthur Blenkinsop, M.P., Anthony Crosland, M.P., Hugh Dalton, M.P., Denis Healey, M.P., H. D. Hughes, Roy Jenkins, M.P., James Johnson, M.P., Roger Manvell, John Parker, M.P., Sir Frank Soskice, M.P., Mary Stewart, Michael Stewart M.P., Brinley Thomas. Details from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1. Tel. Whitehall 3077.

THINKERS' Holiday Organization. 1954 Summer School, New Forest. "Religion in the Atomic Age"—a critical analysis. July 31-August 6: "Religion and Modern Science," Prof. L. Arnaud Reid, Dr. P. E. Hodgson, Prof. H. Levy, Prof. H. D. Lewis, Prof. H. H. Price, Canon C. E. Raven, D. A. Routh, Dr. R. H. Thouless. August 7-14: "Religion in Relation to Modern Ethical and Social Problems," Prof. A. J. Ayer, A. Basu, H. J. Blackham, Prof. P. Leon, Prof. H. D. Lewis, A. C. MacIntyre, Maung Maung Ji, Dr. Zwi Werblowsky, the Imam of Shah Jehan Mosque. Full social programme—excursions, dances, sport, etc. For details apply to The Secretary, 4, Cranley Gdns., London S.W.7. Still a few vacancies.

FILM School: Write to 4 Gt. Russell St., or tel. MUS. 0581 for broch. of British Film Institute Film School in Scotland, Aug. 15-28, to coincide with the Edinburgh Festival.

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